

WAR SUPPLEMENT



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THE WAR IN GEORGIA—SURRENDER OF FORT PULASKI—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HALL, OF SEBELL'S VOLUNTEER ENGINEERS, ANNOUNCING THE SURRENDER, AND CARRYING THE ORDER TO THE NATIONAL BATTERIES TO CEASE FIRING.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.—SEE PAGE 23.



THE WAR IN GEORGIA—BOMBARDMENT OF FORT PULASKI—SOUTH-EAST ANGLE FACING GOAT'S POINT, SHOWING THE BREACHES MADE IN THE WALLS AND THE GENERAL EFFECT OF THE FIRE FROM THE NATIONAL BATTERIES ON TYBEE ISLAND, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL GILMORE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.—SEE PAGE 23.

SUPPLEMENT TO
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor—E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

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The Crisis of the War.

THE work of crushing out the Great Rebellion goes bravely on. All is action, advance and confidence on the National side—retreat, despondency and desperation on the part of the rebels. Com. Foote and his flotilla are thundering against Fort Wright on the Mississippi from above, while Butler and Porter are closing on New Orleans from below. Gen. Halleck, not an hour too early, is marshalling the men of the West at Pittsburg Landing, for a final encounter with Beauregard, whose position at Corinth is threatened in the rear by Gen. Mitchell, and must soon become untenable. The rebel commander is oppressed with the imminent danger of his position, and calls loudly on the authorities at Richmond for help. One of his dispatches, intercepted by Gen. Mitchell, is as follows:

"To Gen. Samuel Cooper, Richmond, Va."
"All present probabilities are that whenever the enemy moves on this position, he will do so with an overwhelming force of not less than 85,000 men. We can now muster only about 35,000 effectives. Van Dorn may possibly join us in a few days with about 15,000 more. Can we not be reinforced from Pemberton's army? If defeated here we lose the Mississippi Valley, and, probably, our cause. Whereas, we could even afford to lose, for a while, Charleston and Savannah, for the purpose of defeating Buell's army, which would not only insure us the Valley of the Mississippi but our independence."

"G. T. BEAUREGARD."

In Virginia, Gen. Banks has driven the rebels from the Shenandoah Valley in a demoralized condition, and he now dates his dispatches from Newmarket, about 100 miles south of Harper's Ferry. Under date of April 20th, he apprises the Secretary of War of the flight of the rebel Jackson, who has made no stand since the battle of Winchester, from the valley, by way of the mountains, from Harrisonburg towards Staunardsville and Orange Court House, on Gordonsville, in the direction of Richmond.

Of still greater importance is the capture of Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock river, by Gen. McDowell, which took place on the 18th. The rebels endeavored to impede the National advance by burning bridges—a practice of which by this time they ought to have discovered the absurdity, as their Vandalism, at most, never impedes the advance more than a few hours. Fredericksburg is but 65 miles from Richmond, and unless Jeff. Davis and his army at Yorktown manage to effect their escape very soon, they will find themselves cut off from retreat by the capture of their capital. We shall be greatly mistaken in Gen. McDowell if he stops at Fredericksburg for a single hour beyond the time requisite for the proper occupation of the place. A rapid movement forward "on to Richmond" will greatly lighten the task undertaken by Gen. McClellan at Yorktown.

On the Peninsula affairs seem to have undergone no change. Several severe skirmishes have taken place, which would have been called "battles" in the earlier months of the war, but which now scarcely arrest public attention. One of these occurred on the 16th of April, in which the 4th and 6th Vermont regiments greatly distinguished themselves, in a brilliant but fruitless attack on the rebel batteries, losing 35 killed, 120 wounded and nine missing. It is said that the preparations of the National army for an attack are extensive and satisfactory, and it is reported that the rebel fortifications are not only formidable, but are being greatly strengthened every day. No doubt Jeff. Davis, who is said to be in command of the rebel forces in person, will exhaust all his resources to maintain this position and keep McClellan's splendid army shut up on the Peninsula. The approach of Banks and McDowell must soon interfere with this plan and induce him to risk a battle outside his lines. Under all the circumstances, it is not improbable that he may suffer more from the present (apparent) checkmate than the National commander. A few days must bring a solution of the question, and should the issue be one of arms, the country need have no fear of the result.

The Merrimac, which made her appearance a week ago, has gone back to Norfolk, and her quietude since confirms the report that she was seriously disabled by the bursting of her heaviest gun, when she last ventured outside. We are told that no apprehensions need be entertained of her in any event, and that the preparations to meet her are adequate. To all of which we are constrained to respond, "Quien sabe?"

From the Gulf, we learn of the occupation of Apalachicola, Florida, by the National forces, on the 3d of April. The capture was effected by the gunboats Mercedita and Sagamore, with but little opposition. A few shells dispersed the rebels who were in arms there; and the non-resistant portion of the population were found in an almost starving condition. The blockade had effectually cut off their supplies from the sea, and their resources from inland were not sufficient to maintain the ordinary comforts of life. They professed entire loyalty, and seemed earnestly to desire the re-establishment of the National authority in the State.

The investment of Fort Macon (Beaufort, N. C.), is going on, slowly and surely. It will probably be reduced by the process called "starving out," inasmuch as its supplies of provisions are known to be extremely limited. Still, a line of batteries is building up around it, which will make short

work with it, as a last resort. It is doubtful if its garrison will care to wait for the regimen administered at Fort Pulaski.

From this review it will be seen that the cause of the Union is everywhere victorious, and that the National authority is vindicating itself at every quarter of the compass. The rebellion is nearly crushed out, and the impending battles before Yorktown and Corinth, if they result, as we doubt not they will result, in the success of the National arms, must terminate everything like organized resistance to the Constitution and the laws. All opposition thenceforth must be spasmodic and impotent, and will rapidly die out under the operations of "reconstruction."

"Eleven Men in Buckram."

THERE is no possible kind of misrepresentation and depreciation to which the majority of English papers fall to resort to lower the standing of the National Government and Army, and to bring contempt on the American name. The National victories are "accidents," "undecisive," "without any real bearing on the final result." Northern courage is questioned, while the slightest pluck exhibited by the rebels is something "heroic." To make out a case, they do not hesitate to distort facts nor to promulgate absolute falsehoods. Thus, in giving an account of the engagement between the Merrimac and Monitor, the London Post, which professes to derive its information "from an eye witness," feels called upon to excuse the retreat of the former. In order to do so, it represents the Monitor as "constructed on the same principle with the Merrimac, but the heavier and stronger of the two"—the truth being that the Monitor is of but 1,600 tons, carrying two guns, while the Merrimac is upwards of 4,000 tons, carrying 12 guns. It makes out, also, that the Monitor had a very powerful auxiliary in the flight, in the shape of the "Ericsson Battery!" Probably mendacity and ignorance are more wonderfully compounded in the London Post than in the Times—which is unnecessary.

BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING.

MR. LOVIE'S sketch on pages 20 and 29 represents that most terrible scene on Sunday afternoon, April 6th, the first day of the battle of Shiloh, when our disorganized legions, having lost many of their officers, were driven from their position by overwhelming numbers, and instinctively made for the river, where some of their transports were anchored, in the vain hope of escaping from what they believed to be their impending doom. Our Artist says: "Nothing could exceed the perilous position of our army at this minute. The scene was terrible. My sketch will give you a pretty accurate idea of the locality. The bluff here is about 80 feet high, and on the top several of our regiments had pitched their tents. By the side of the bluff a road declines to the river beach, close to the Hannibal and other transports were anchored; adown this steep rushed hordes of our disordered men, paralyzed and panic-stricken through the negligence of their General—never shall I forget this scene. When the men reached the river side, they made desperate efforts to get on board the steamers, but their officers blocked the way, and with revolvers in hand, threatened death to all who refused to stop. It was at this minute that 'the Blucher of the hour,' Gen. Nelson, made his appearance on the opposite side of the Tennessee river, and immediately crossed over to turn the tide of victory." One of Gen. Nelson's staff thus relates the scene as it appeared to him. After relating the hurried march of Gen. Nelson's division, he says: "We were soon opposite Pittsburg Landing. Steamers were ready to convey us over. Soon were all aboard. Immediately on the bluff, and close to the river, we could see the volumes of smoke ascending from the thundering artillery and musketry. On the front bank there were thousands of panic-stricken men making their way to the river, and attempting to board the boats, which was only prevented by drawn bayonets. The rush was so great on board the Hannibal, she being heavily loaded with stores, that she had to cut loose and back out to keep from being sunk. As soon as the boat struck, Gen. Nelson rode off. The crowd was so thick with Bull Run specimens, that he urged them to rally and follow his men. This being in vain, and being told by one of the crowd that the battle was lost, he told the cowardly rascal to get out of the way, and give room for men to win back the battle!"

A member of the 2d Iowa regiment writes: "We held our position from seven o'clock in the morning till four o'clock in the afternoon. At that time it became apparent that we were outflanked by rebel re-enforcements. The order was given to retire. The 2d and 7th Iowa cut their way through, while a terrific cross-fire was poured into our flanks. The 12th and 14th Iowa were surrounded before the order could reach them. They stood their ground manfully, but were compelled to surrender as prisoners of war after a spirited resistance. The 8th Iowa were also taken prisoners, after doing some heavy old fighting. Our regiment—2d Iowa—and the 7th regiment fell back about a mile, and rallied to the support of the heavy guns planted on a hill close by the river. The rebels advanced, ten regiments deep, confident of driving us into the river. They were allowed to advance within close range, then our heavy guns opened on them, and our gunboats shelled them from the river. The slaughter was terrible, and they were forced to fall back."

On the opposite side of the river the re-enforcements from Gen. Buell's division are seen hastening to the scene of action.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—That most enterprising of managers, Mr. Grau, has revived the Opera again, in spite of the disturbed condition of affairs, financially and otherwise, and presents to us one of the finest companies ever got together, even in our most prosperous days. His time for reopening the Academy of Music is admirably chosen, as after the quiet and seclusion incident to the days of Lent it will be hailed as a relief, this advent of the Opera among us. With such names as those of our old favorite Brignoli and the handsome and accomplished Tombsi as tenors, Ferri, Susini, Barilli, Meadames D'Angri, Kellogg and Hinkley, besides many other names which carry pleasant memories with them, we congratulate Mr. Grau for the substantial proofs of appreciation which he cannot fail to receive from the Opera-going public. Tombsi has a voice of great beauty and compass, and he is, moreover, young and good-looking—qualities not to be despised in a tenor. He is a Roman by birth, and is the son of one of Napoleon's old officers. He commenced his studies at the age of thirteen, under the celebrated maestro Concordia, and remained under his tuition seven years, it being prudently determined not to allow him to begin too early his professional career. He made his first debut in the Roman provinces in 1852, as primo tenore assoluto, and

at once sprang into popularity, engagements being successively offered him at Naples, Rome, Trieste, Genoa, Venice, Turin, Florence, Brescia, Madrid, Bucharest, Jassy, and finally at the Taon Theatre, from whence he has just come. Of the role in which he made his debut among us in "Rigoletto" *El Herald*, of Havana, speaks in the following laudatory terms: "Señor Tombsi made an excellent Duke of Mantua, and achieved a complete triumph. He sang the barcarole with great taste, feeling and appreciation, and caused a regular *furor* in the duet with Gilda in the second act, which *allegro* part he had to repeat at the call of the audience, after which the young tenor was four times called before the curtain. Señor Tombsi has gained a triumph in 'Rigoletto,' and justified the praise of the *Herald*, which from the beginning attributed to him the characteristics of a fine singer and an excellent actor."

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—"The Enchantress" has been played throughout the week. Miss Richings, in the chief character, has made a palpable hit. Seldom does an actress sing so charmingly, or a good singer act so well. Her voice is a mezzo soprano of great purity, and has been admirably cultivated. We ought to add that the Opera has been judiciously remodelled. We must not forget to commend the ballet under Tophoff and Annetta Galeotti. Altogether, "The Enchantress" is a very pleasant operatic spectacle for the intellectual as well as the other half of mankind.

LAURA KEENE'S.—"Macarthy; or, The Peep o' Day," still retains possession of the stage, and promises to do so for some time at least.

WALLACE'S THEATRE.—The standard comedies are so perfectly embodied here, that we do not wonder at their success. Like beautiful pictures or poems, they can be looked at or read over and over again. Mr. Wallace's company are not alone composed of fine dramatic elements, but they have been trained with a master hand. That old familiar play of "The Lady of Lyons" is a proof that familiarity does not spoil the appetite for a striking play, when so dramatically given as was Bulwer's masterpiece by the Wallace company. We should, nevertheless, like to see a new American play at this popular theatre.

WINTER GARDEN.—A new season was inaugurated last Monday at this Theatre, when Miss Bateman commenced a star engagement with the "Hunchback." The chief characters were filled by Miss Bateman, Messrs. Wallack, Adams, Davenport, etc. On Tuesday "London Assurance" was performed, in which Mr. Placide was the Sir Harcourt Courtley, and Miss Bateman the Lady Gay Spanker. We must reserve, till next week, our remarks upon "this bright particular star" of the Winter Garden.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—We quite agree with the "Intelligents" critic of a daily contemporary, that it is useless to enumerate one half the attractions of this World's Fair of America. Com. Nutt is the great naval and dramatic star at present. He appears twice a day in Albert Smith's drama of "Hop o' My Thumb," in which he is supported by the Belgian Giant, who performs the Ogre. The latest novelty is one of the Quaker guns, those bogies of Manassas. The Home Guard cannot do better than accustom themselves to the sight of danger by contemplating this terrible engine of destruction, which they can do at the moderate charge of a quarter—which is more than the enemy would give them.

MR. SEYMOUR, the musical and dramatic critic, sailed for London on Saturday, the 19th April, to report the opening of the World's Fair for the New York Times.

MRS. GLADSTONE has been performing some of her favorite characters in Boston, where her exquisite taste and artistic renderings have made her a great favorite. She will shortly return to New York.

JOHN BROUGHAM has delayed his return to America till next year. He has lately made a brilliant campaign in Dublin, where he was received with the greatest enthusiasm. It will be remembered that Brougham is a Dubliner, having been born in Merriam Square, some half century or so ago. His fellow-Dubliners, Dionysius Bourcicault, has got himself into a trifling difficulty on the score of veracity. It is well known that our quondam New Orleansist New Yorker was accused of hoisting the rebel flag over the stage of his theatre last August, when the news of Bull Run arrived in London. Bourcicault denied it. It now appears that he denied what he never was accused of, his real offence being his hoisting the rebel flag at the outside of his theatre, a far more flag-rant offence. Mr. Lesley, our Consul to Nice, in a letter to a London paper, exposes the double mendacity of the French-Irish Viscount. Nevertheless Mr. D. B. makes \$2,000 a week, a sure sign that truth and honesty are not requisite to make money.

WAR NEWS.

A Word from Gen. Mitchell.

THE *Commercial Advertiser* publishes the following telegraphic dispatch from the gallant Gen. Mitchell, addressed by him to a friend and relative:

HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION,
HUNTSVILLE, April 15.

The enemy have burnt bridges to stop my advance upon Chattanooga, and have used the same brilliant strategy to hold my column back from Corinth. But for this we should this day have entered Tusculum and Florence. We have penetrated a magnificent cotton region, have taken and now hold and run more than 100 miles of railway, well stocked with machinery and in fine condition. I have abandoned the idea of ever coming nearer to an enemy than long cannon range. This is the third State through which I have hunted him without success.

O. M. MITCHELL, Brigadier-General.

Capture of Fort Pulaski.

THE following is the official announcement of Gen. Hunter:

PORT ROYAL, SOUTH CAROLINA,
April 17, 1862.

Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

We opened our batteries on Fort Pulaski on the morning of the 10th. After 30 hours continuous firing a practicable breach was made, and preparations for storming were about to commence, when the rebel flag was struck.

We have captured 47 guns, 7,000 shot or shell, 40,000 pounds of powder, 300 prisoners, with their small arms and accoutrements, and a good supply of provisions.

One of our men was killed; not one wounded.
DAVID HUNTER, Major-General, &c.

PERSONAL.

JOHN HUGH SMITH, who has just been elected Mayor of Nashville, had occupied that position several terms before the secession of Tennessee. He was also at one time a member of the State Legislature. During the stormiest days of Secession rule he stood by the old flag, although friends and enemies early succumbed to the pressure, and became adherents of the Davis despotism.

GEN. W. S. SMITH, now commanding a brigade in Tennessee, which participated in the late battle of Pittsburg Landing, is a native of Pickaway county, Ohio. He is a graduate of the West Point Military Academy. He went into Western Virginia in command of the 13th regiment, and took part in several battles. A few months ago the regiment was ordered into Kentucky, and thence into Tennessee.

NEW JERSEY ELECTIONS.—The elections in Jersey City and Hoboken have resulted—so a correspondent informs us—in Union victories, all Peace or Compromise men being thrown over. In the latter place, Mr. Johnson, Stevens's nominee, is elected Mayor, while Thomas Foster, a strong Conservative, is Justice, and Harvey Lyons is Water Commissioner. All these are satisfactory signs that the cause of the Union is gaining ground—even in foreign parts!

We have to thank Lieut.-Col. Hall of the Volunteer Engineers, Capt. Woodhull, and Purser Hance, of the Star of the South, for favors extended to our Special Artist, Mr. Crane.

GEORGE W. JOHNSON, the late Provisional Governor of Kentucky, who acted as volunteer aid of Brigadier-General John C. Breckinridge in the late battle, and to a distinguished Federal officer, after receiving his death-wound, that the rebellion had failed.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

A DYING SOLDIER PRAYS FOR THE PRESIDENT.—The Yorktown correspondent of the Philadelphia *Enquirer*, relates the following incident connected with the attack on Lee's Mills, near Yorktown, on the 16th of April, by the 4th and 6th Vermont regiments:

we realize how much stranger a truth than fiction. Your readers will all recollect last summer a private was court-martialed for sleeping on his post, out near Chain Bridge on the Upper Potomac. He was convicted; his sentence was death; the finding was approved of by the General, and the day fixed for his execution. He was a youth of more than ordinary intelligence; he did not beg for pardon, but was willing to meet his fate. The time drew near; the stern necessity of war required that an example should be made of some one; his was an aggravated case. But the case reached the ears of the President; he resolved to save him; he signed a pardon and sent it out; the day came. "Suppose," thought the President, "my pardon has not reached him." The telegraph was called into requisition; an answer did not come promptly. "Bring up my carriage," he ordered. It came, and soon the important State papers were dropped, and through the hot broiling sun and dusty roads he rode to the camp, about 10 miles, and saw that the soldier was saved! He has doubtless forgotten the incident, but the soldier did not. When the 3d Vermont charged upon the rifle pits, the enemy poured a volley upon them. The first man who fell, with six bullets in his body, was William Scott, of Company K. His comrades caught him up, and as his life blood ebbed away, he raised to Heaven, amid the din of war, the cries of the dying, and the shouts of the enemy, a prayer for the President, and as he died he remarked to his comrade that he had shown he was no coward and not afraid to die.

A BRAVE VOLUNTEER ON DESPERATE SERVICE.—Shortly after the battle of Carnifex Ferry, communication was cut off between the Federal camp at Elkwater and that at Cheat Mountain summit, the rebels holding possession of the road. It was necessary that communication should be re-established between Gen. Reynolds at the former place and Col. Kimball at the latter. Several attempts had been made, but the messengers had been killed in every case. Four had already set out and had been picked off. The whole camp at Elkwater was in danger, and it was necessary to get word to the summit at once, and another young man volunteered, but he, too, was never heard from after he left camp. The commanding officer then stated to his men their danger, and called upon some one to again volunteer to perform the risk. Not a man responded in all the camp, until at last one was found in Capt. Loomis's Michigan battery. Henry H. Norrington, of Detroit, offered to peril his life to save the others. He started out and succeeded in eluding the enemy, crawling miles upon his hands and knees, with his messages rolled up in his mouth, ready to swallow in a moment if he was taken, and finally reached the friendly camp. He also had to return, and after receiving his dispatches, set out in the night, the whole camp shaking hands with him, never expecting to see him again. He traveled all night, guided by the North star, and the next day crawled as before on his hands and knees. He finally struck the main road a few miles below Elkwater. Seeing one of the enemy's cavalry horses tied to a stake by the roadside, and the owner not visible, he crept up, cut the rope with his knife, and rode off in hot haste with several shots whizzing around him. He arrived safely in camp and delivered his dispatches, being the only survivor of the six that had attempted the perilous task. As a reward for his bravery and during, he was promoted in the company to be chief of a piece, and was placed upon the Commanding-General's staff as Mounted Orderly. He was presented by the Captain of his company with a sword, and by the General with an elegant revolver. He was greeted upon parade with nine cheers by the entire command, and his pay more than doubled. Besides this, favorable mention was made of his feat and the great service he had performed, in the official report forwarded to the Department at Washington.

WORKING THE WIRES.—General Mitchell, when he arrived at Decatur, Alabama, is said to have quietly cut the railroad communication between Corinth and Richmond. He, however, kept up an active correspondence with both ends of the line; now telling Jeff Davis, in the name of Beauregard, something that astonished him; and then telling Beauregard, in the name of Jeff Davis, other things no less astonishing. What secrets he learned we are unable to tell, but the report goes that he promised Beauregard large reinforcements, and then marched his own forces directly towards Corinth.

OLD DUELLING.

THE advent of Francis I. was marked by a still more tragic event. One Achon, and Matas, an old soldier, hunting with the King at Vincennes, had some words and drew. Matas soon disarmed his youthful antagonist, at which the latter was so enraged, that, waiting till his victor was about to mount his horse, he rushed upon him from behind, and killed him on the spot. No notice was taken of the event, because Achon was nephew to the favorite Madame de Saint André, whilst Matas was a relative of Madame de Valentinois (Diana of Poitiers), who was at that time out of favor. In 1550 the States-General passed Charles IX. to strike down duelling summarily. The Chancellor L'Hôpital passed an edict in 1550, which served as the basis of those of Henry IV. and Louis XIV., and which made duelling punishable as murder. The practice, however, continued not the less in vogue. On the contrary, so Draconian an edict rather gave it an impulse than otherwise, and it became quite a passion. One day a Norman gentleman and a Chevalier de Refuge went to fight on the island of the Palais. As they were crossing the Seine, they perceived other gentlemen taking boat to prevent them. Jumping aboard, "Let us make haste," they said, "for they are coming to separate us." And they had no sooner had a few passes than they managed to slay one another. Some fought for the mere pleasure of fighting.

The Seigneur de Gensac, a true Gascon, challenged two to engage him at the same time. The "bretteur," or bully, had its origin in this disreputable state of things. One of the most remarkable was the Baron de Vitau, who began by killing, by a surprise, the young Baron de Soupe, at Toulouse. He afterwards expedited, by a similar process, a gentleman of the name of Gonnelle, next the Baron of Millau, and then Henry III.'s great favorite, Louis Béranger de Guast. He never went forth but with two other bullies, the brothers Boucaut, who were called "the lions of the Baron de Vitau." The "brave Baron," as Brantôme calls him, was luckily got rid of by the son of Millau, whom he had assassinated. The combats of the "mignons," or king's pets, followed upon this, and it was on these occasions that the seconds first took an active part in the fight. The "mignons" were Charles de Balzac d'Entragues and Jacques de Quelus; the seconds were Livarot and Maugiron for Quelus, and Riberae and Schomberg for d'Entragues. When the two adversaries had begun to fight, Livarot said to Riberae: "I think we ought to endeavor to arrange this affair, rather than let the two gentlemen kill one another." To which the other replied: "I did not come here to string pearls, I want to fight." "With whom? You have no concern in the quarrel." "With you." "With me! Let us pray God, then." So Riberae, crossing his dagger over his sword, went on his knees and said a short prayer, which, however, appeared so long to the bully Maugiron, that he taunted him. Whereupon, rising up, he rushed furiously at the latter, and in a few seconds both fell mortally wounded. Schomberg had, at the same time, remarked to Livarot: "They are fighting. What shall we do?" "Well, we had better fight too," was the ready reply. Schomberg, who was a German, set to work after the national fashion, and cut off a large slice of his antagonist's left cheek, who replied by a violent plunge at Schomberg's breast. It was all over with Schomberg, who died at the same time as Maugiron, with blasphemy on his lips. Riberae lived till the following day, and Livarot was only cured of his wounds to be slain two years afterwards in another duel. Quelus received 19 wounds and languished for 33 days in the Hotel de Boissy. The King visited him every day, and offered 100,000 livres to the surgeons if they would save his life. The King is said to have embraced both Quelus and Maugiron when dead; and he removed with his own hands the earrings he had given to the former. Henry III. had splendid mausolea erected for Quelus, Maugiron and Saint Meurin. The latter was another contemptible wretch of the same class, who, fighting on one occasion with Troile des Ursins, and having laid him low, went and plucked a thorn with which to put out the eyes of the young nobleman, and which he would have done had not the latter asked pardon. Yet it is of such a wretch that Audiguier says: "He was one of the bravest of men, and inferior in valor or beauty neither to Maugiron or to Livarot."

The example set by the mignons of Henry III. was followed by that of "the mignons of the mignons." Baron de Biron, one of the favorites of the Duke of Epemon, himself the King's first favorite, had a quarrel with Carey, son of the Count de la Vauguyon. Each had their two active witnesses, and the battle was fought on a snowy day. The Baron, rushing upon young Carey, soon dispatched him, and, going to the assistance of his friends, the three were more than a match for two, whom they, consequently, easily disposed of. In which act, says Brantôme, Biron showed that he had foresight as well as judgment and courage! Biron extorted his crimes on the scaffold, and one of his friends on this occasion, Loignac, accepted the honorable mission to strike the Duke of Guise from behind. There was, indeed, at that epoch very little difference between a duellist and an assassin. Bussy d'Amboise, a "spadassin" or "bretteur" of the day, was an example in point. He fought a M. Saint Phal, six on one side and six on the other, upon a question whether they were Xs or Ys that were embroidered on a garment.

He distinguished himself at the St. Bartholomew massacres; murdered a relative, Antoine de Clermont, but was ultimately himself put out of the way by one De Montsoreau, whose wife was the bully's mistress. The reign of Henry III. terminated in a most characteristic manner. A gentleman of the name of Isle-Marivaux was so afflicted by the death of the prince that he resolved not to survive him, so to die gloriously he threw his glove in the air. The Seigneur de Marolles picked it up, and sent the favorite to join his master.

A greater number of gentlemen perished by duels in the time of Henry IV. than by the civil wars. The victims to this atrocious practice are estimated at high 8,000 between 1589 and 1608. An encounter took place during the siege of Paris in the presence of the two armies. The combatants were Fossé and Saint Just; they fought on horseback, and had for seconds, the one, the Duke of Maine, the other, Marshal Biron. Henry IV. was playing at tennis at Saint Denis when Saint Just came to take his leave. "There is a man who is going to his death," was all the gallant monarch remarked; and he was not wrong. Saint Just lost his sword, and disdaining to fly, Fossé ran him through his body when he was no longer able to defend himself. The ferocity of duellists, if they can be so called, at that epoch, may be also judged of by the following incident: One Bazaneux sent his hat to a certain Lagarde, who was the greatest bully at court, with word that he would regain it at the expense of his life. Lagarde put on the hat and went forth to meet his antagonist. Lagarde at the very onset dealt Bazaneux a tremendous blow upon the head. "So much for the hat," he said; "now for the feather," and he gave him another fearful gash. Bazaneux, however, managed to close with his formidable opponent, and, although covered with blood, got him down and stabbed him no less than fourteen times with his dagger. "Ask your life!" he said. "Never!" replied Lagarde. And the other bit off half his chin with his teeth, striking him at the same time with the hilt of his sword on his head!

FORWARD.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

GOD, to the human soul,
And all the spheres that roll,
Wrapped by His spirit in their robes of light,
Hath said, "The primal plan
Of all the worlds and man
Is Forward! Progress is your law—your right!"

The despoils of the earth
Since Freedom had her birth,
Have, to their subject nations said, "Stand still!"
So from the polar bear,
Comes down the freezing air,
And stiffens all things with its deadly chill.

He who doth God resist—
God's old antagonist—
Would snap the chain that binds all things to Him;
And in his Godless pride
All peoples would divide,
And scatter even the choirs of seraphim.

God, all the orbs that roll
Blinks to one common goal
One source of light and life—His radiant throne,
In one fraternal mind
All races would He bind,
Till every man in man a brother own.

Tyrants with tyrants league;
Corruption and intrigue
To strangle infant Liberty conspire.
Around her cradle, then,
Let self-devoted men
Gather, and keep unquenched her vital fire.

When Tyranny, grown bold,
To Freedom's host cries "Hold!"
Ye toward her temple at your peril march!"
"Stop!" that great host replies,
Raising to heaven its eyes,
"Stop, first, the host that moves across you arch!"

When Tyranny commands,
"Hold thou my victim's hands,
While I more firmly rivet on his chains,
Or with my bowie-knife
I'll take your craven life,
Or show my streets bespattered with your brains!"

Freedom, with forward tread,
Unbending turns her head,
And drawing from its sheath her flashing glove,
Calmly makes answer, "Dare
Touch of my head one hair,
I'll cut the cord that holds your every slave!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

FREDERICKSBURG, just occupied by Gen. McDowell, is the chief town of Spotsylvania county, Virginia. It is situated on the west bank of the Rappahannock river, at the head of its water, sixty miles north of Richmond, and is connected with the latter city by the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad. Fredericksburg possesses excellent advantages for commerce and manufactures, and large quantities of produce, consisting principally of wheat, flour, tobacco, &c., are brought hither for exportation. The river affords extensive water-power, which, however, is not much used. It contains five churches, two seminaries, an orphan asylum, and two banks; and, prior to the breaking out of the present rebellion, three or four newspapers flourished in the place. In 1850 the population was 4,062.

THE DEATH OF POMPADOUR.—On the 15th of April, 1764, the Marquise de Pompadour sent for the Curé of the Madeleine because she knew she could not live through the day. The Curé went to her, and received her last confession, and administered unto her the consolations of her religion. For a short time he remained by the side of the dying woman—he, the appointed minister to the Magdalene—and then, believing that she slept, he was about to pass noiselessly from the chamber. He was startled by a voice, and still more by the words, "Wait, let us go together." A few minutes afterwards, and nothing remained of the once brilliant and life-loving Marquise de Pompadour but an emaciated corpse. Before her death, she, the "King's favorite," had caused herself to be dressed according to the third order of the Capuchines, in a coarse and plain habit. St. François round her waist, and a cross of wood upon her breast. She was carried to the grave, according to her wish, by the Capuchin Brothers (a papist burial), and laid in the tomb she had chosen for herself, by the side of her daughter, in the convent church of the Place Vendôme. She was 42 years old when she died. The King had shown extreme grief when told she was dying, although he strove to disbelieve the fact as impossible. When she was dead, his melancholy became morose. From a high balcony at Versailles the King saw the papist funeral of the woman he had loved pass through the palace gates. He did not shed a tear. He often had talked to her of death ever in the midst of fêtes, and now he seemed to say, "Behold the destiny of us all!"

THE EMBARGO ON COAL.—The Government prohibition of the export of anthracite coal is explained as follows: That the coal has been shipped to the Bermudas, the Bahamas and the Antilles, where it has been purchased by Southern privateers and by English steamers intending to run the blockade. A steamer burning bituminous coal is visible at sea even when on the very horizon. Its flaring column of smoke is seen even when the hull of the ship is beyond sight, whereas the anthracite coal does not smoke whatever. The Government therefore intends to draw the line so sharply between National vessels on the one hand, and re-el and foreign steamships on the other, that the smoke-pipe shall decide whether a doubtful vessel is entitled to approach or pass the blockade.

WHAT IS ARABIA?—Arabia is not what Americans habitually conceive it to be, a mere sandy desert, flat, as sands generally are, traversed by bands of half-starved horsemen, with two little but sacred cities, and a port which an American frigate can reduce to reason by bombardment. It is a vast, though secluded peninsula, with an area of 100,000 square miles greater than that of Europe west of the Vistula—greater, that is, than the territories of four of the five Powers, with Germany, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Scandinavia, Poland and Italy added thereto. This enormous region, so far from being a mere sandy plain, is traversed by high ranges of mountains filled with broad plateaus, many of them as wide as European kingdoms, and full of magnificent, though dreary and awe-inspiring, scenery. The highest Arab tribes—and the point is one too often forgotten—are mountaineers; share in the fervid imagination, the brooding and melancholy thoughts, which have in all ages distinguished men bred on the higher regions of the earth. Even the aridity of the soil of Arabia, though great, is, as a political fact, seriously exaggerated, partly because the districts nearest to civilization are the worst, partly because travellers select the winter for

explorations—a time when even the fertile plains of Upper Italy look hideously desolate; but chiefly because the European mind has a difficulty in realising territorial vastness, or comprehending how enormous may be the aggregate of patches of cultivation spread over a peninsula like Arabia. When, some two years ago, the Governor of Aden was permitted to visit Lahaj, he, filled, like all other Englishmen, with the "idea" of Arabia, was startled to find himself, only a few miles from his own crackling chimneys, amidst pleasant corn lands and smiling villages, in which dwelt a population showing every sign of prosperity and content. There are thousands of such spots in Arabia, to which the eternal boundary of the desert blinds all but the keenest observers.

AN IMPERIAL BEAUTY.

She sat
In a great silence, which her beauty fill'd
Full to the heart of it, on a black chair
Maid all about with sullen gems, and crusts
Of sultry blazonry. Her face was bow'd,
A pause of slumberous beauty, o'er the light
Of some delicious thought new-risen above
The depths of passion. Round her stately head
A single circlet of the red gold hue
Burn'd free, from which, on either side, stream'd down
Twilights of her soft hair from neck to foot.
Green was her kirtle as the emerald is,
And stiff from hem to hem with seams of stones
Beyond all value; which, from left to right
Disparting, half reveal'd the snowy gleam
Of a white robe of spotless samyte pure.
And from the soft repression of her zone,
Which like a light hand on a interesting press'd
Harmony from its touch, flow'd warmly back
The bounteous outlines of a glowing grace,
Nor yet outflow'd sweet laws of loveliness.

AN "OPIUM HELL" IN JAVA.—What spirituous liquors are for the European, opium is in Java for the Mahomedan and Chinaman. A European of the lower classes may sit in his tap-room and debauch himself by his sottishness; but he does it with an uproarious merriment which would make one think he was really happy, spite of the headaches and *delirium tremens* he may know are in store for him. But in an opium hell all is as still as the grave. A murky lamp spreads a flickering light through the low-roofed suffocating room in which are placed *bale-bates*, or rough wooden tables, covered with coarse matting, and divided into compartments by means of bamboo-reed wainscoting. The opium smokers—men and women—lost to every sense of modesty, throw themselves languidly on the matting, and, their head supported by a greasy cushion, prepare to indulge in their darling vice. A small burning lamp is placed on the table, so as to be easily reached by all the degraded wretches who seek forgetfulness or dysium in the fumes of opium. A pipe of bamboo-reed, with a bowl at one end to contain the opium, is generally made to do service for two smokers. A piece of opium, about the size of a pen, costs sixpence (a day's wages); but it is sufficient to lull by its fumes the senses of the smoker. These fumes they inhale deliberately, retaining them in the mouth as long as they can, and then allowing them gradually to exhale through their nostrils. After two or three inhalations, however, the opium is consumed, and the pipe falls from the hand of its victim. At first, the smokers talk to each other in a whisper scarcely audible, but they soon become still as the dead. Their dull sunken eyes gradually become bright and sparkling; their hollow cheeks seem to assume a healthy roundness; a gleam of satisfaction—nay, of ecstasy—lightens up their countenance as they revel in imagination in those sensual delights which are to constitute their Mahomedan paradise. Enervated, languid, emaciated, as they are in fact, they seem and feel for the time regenerated; and though they lie there, the shameless and impassive slaves of sensuality and lust, their senses are evidently steeped in bliss. Aroused, however, from their dreams and delusions, the potency of the charm exhausted—driven from their "hell" by its proprietor—see them next morning walking with faltering step, eyes dull as lead, cheeks hollow as coffins, to their work.

EFFECTS OF THE APPEARANCE OF A COMET.—In the year 1712, Mr. Whiston, having calculated the return of a comet, which was to make its appearance on Wednesday, the 14th of October, at five minutes after five in the morning, gave notice to the public accordingly, with this terrifying addition, that a total dissolution of the world by fire was to take place on the Friday following. The reputation which Mr. Whiston had long maintained, both as a divine and philosopher, left little or no doubt with the populace of the truth of his prediction. Several ludicrous events now took place. A number of persons in and about London seized all the barges and boats they could lay hands on in the Thames, very rationally concluding that when the conflagration took place there would be most safety on the water. A gentleman, who had neglected family prayers for better than five years, informed his wife that it was his determination to resume that laudable practice the same evening; but his wife, having engaged a ball at her house, persuaded her husband to put it off till they saw whether a comet appeared or not. The South Sea Stock immediately fell to a penny, and the India to 11; and the captain of a Dutch ship threw all his powder into the river, that his ship might not be endangered. The next morning, however, the comet appeared according to prediction, and before noon the belief was universal that the Day of Judgment was at hand. About this time 125 clergymen were ferried over to Lambeth, it was said, to petition that a short prayer might be planned and ordered, there being none in the Church service on that occasion. Three mads of honor burnt their collection of novels and plays, and sent to a bookseller's to buy each of them a Bible and "Taylor's Holy Living and Dying." The rum upon the Bank was so prodigious, that all hands were employed from morning till night discounting notes and handing out specie. On Thursday considerably more than 7,000 kept mistresses were legally married in the face of several congregations; and to crown all, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, at that time head director of the Bank, issued orders to all the fire offices in London, requiring them to have a particular eye upon the Bank of England.

SALMON-FISHING IN THE CANADIAN RIVER MOISIE.—Our first essay was about a mile below the camp, where a batture or shallow stretches diagonally across the stream and forms some lively ripples. Into these the twitchee sent his fly, when, with a flash like lightning, and with a crash that awoke the echoes of the solitude, a large fish laid hold of it, and at the same instant started rapidly down the stream. Then came the tug of war; the boat flew after him—still he went faster, making the reel "discourse most eloquent music," and running the line off at a rate which was far from pleasant—for it looked as if he was resolved to carry us down the whole fourteen miles which we had so laboriously toiled to get up, and then go to sea. But at last he took refuge in a small eddy by the river's bank. Here he paused to regain his wind, which was pumped out of him by the rapidity of his rush down stream. This enabled the twitchee to wind up nearly all his line, which, having gladly done, he began to lean on

The limber rod that shook its trembling length,
Almost as airy as the line it threw.
Yet slowly bending in an arch of strength,
When the tired salmon rose at last to view.

This manner of fishing did not seem at all congenial to his feelings, for instantly he jumped at least five feet out of the water, shaking his head as if desirous to disengage himself from the hook, and no sooner did he fall back into the pool than he attempted another rush, but in this he was frustrated, for the light rod was kept fully bent with a deadly strain, permitting him merely to make short dashes to the right and to the left, but never allowing him to turn his head down the stream. Such pressure would not long be borne with patience, so he again flung himself furiously out of the river, and upon once more falling into it, attempted another run, but in this, as in the former one, he was foiled by the ready twist of the twitchee, which quickly brought him to the surface of the water, when Paddy Shea planted the cruel gaff in his side, just behind the dorsal fin, and lifted him struggling into the skiff, the bottom plank of which was dyed with his bright blood, and studded with his sparkling scales. Thus died our first fish in the Moisie; but how his weight was ascertained to amount to 35 lb.; how he was cut into steaks; how these savory steaks were cooked; how interlined they were with flakes of white curd, which betoken prime condition; and how, having rejoined our friends when the day's sport was done, we enjoyed them in the presence of our camp fire, we are not about to inflict upon our readers. It must suffice to say that eight fish that day fell to our lot, weighing respectively 37, 35, 34, 25, 25, 18, 17 and 12 lb.; every one in prime condition, and every one killed on single gut.

The Irish beggar who, on being refused alms, swung his crozier on the toes of the gouty gentleman, whom his prayers moved not to charity, exhibited true humor when he said to the enured owner of the suffering foot, "Bless your honor! if your heart was as tender as your toes, you'd have given me the tennepenny."

A wag recommends that when you are walking on a rainy day and see a tall man without an umbrella, you offer him a shelter, and having "taken him in," hang your umbrella upon his hat, and clinging to the handle, swing yourself clear of the mud. Of course he will be too polite to say anything about it.

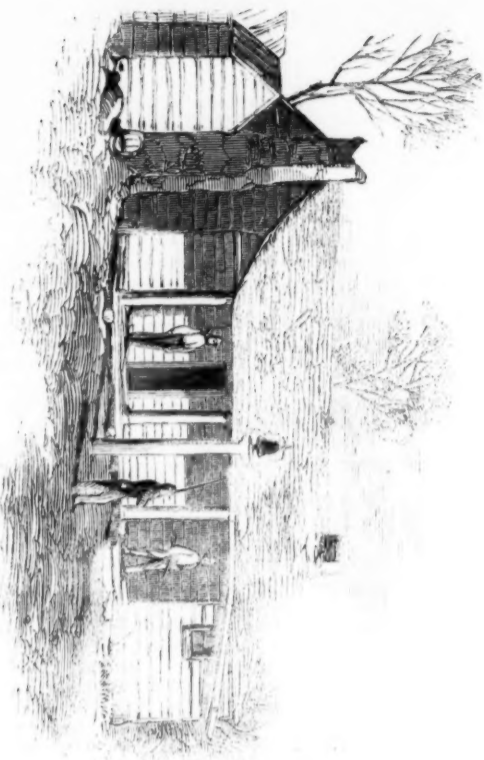
A prisoner being brought to the bar some time ago, to answer to a misdemeanor, told the prosecutor that he could convict him of being both a thief and a murderer. Upon being required to prove his assertion, said he, "Why, you ugly villain, you killed a monkey and stole his countenance."

An inquisitive priest having asked a young female her name while in the confessional, she replied with as much wit as modesty, "Father, my name is not a sin."



THE WAR IN THE WEST—SCENE AT PITTSBURG LANDING, TENNESSEE RIVER, SUNDAY AFTERNOON, 6TH APRIL, JUST BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF G

ISLAND NO. 10—REBEL HEADQUARTERS NOW OBTAINED BY THE UNION.



NEW MADRID AND ISLAND NO. 10. Scenes and Incidents.

We continue, in the present number, our series of Sketches of the War on the Mississippi, where we have had for some time two artists engaged—Mr. Lovie and Mr. J. McLaughlin. It is unnecessary now to say anything in favor of their beautiful and truthful pictures.

Going through the Bayou to New Madrid.

On page 28 we give another illustration of the manner in which our transports proceeded from the Mississippi, above Island No. 10, to New Madrid, without passing round that tongue of land in the river, opposite whose tip is situated the far-famed island. Gen. Pope frankly attributes the suggestion to Mr. Schuyler Hamilton, and the working of it out to Col. Bissell. The passage is part natural and part artificial, the entrance on the eastern side being a bayou, which had become unused and flowed into a marsh, through which the canal was cut, and the vessels forced through by human agency, or, in other words, Western muscle. With his usual invention and energy, Gen. Pope, not anticipating the success with which the Union gunboats would run past the rebel batteries, converted several coal scows into gunboats, by dividing them into water-tight departments, and then mounting two heavy guns on each of the decks he had built.

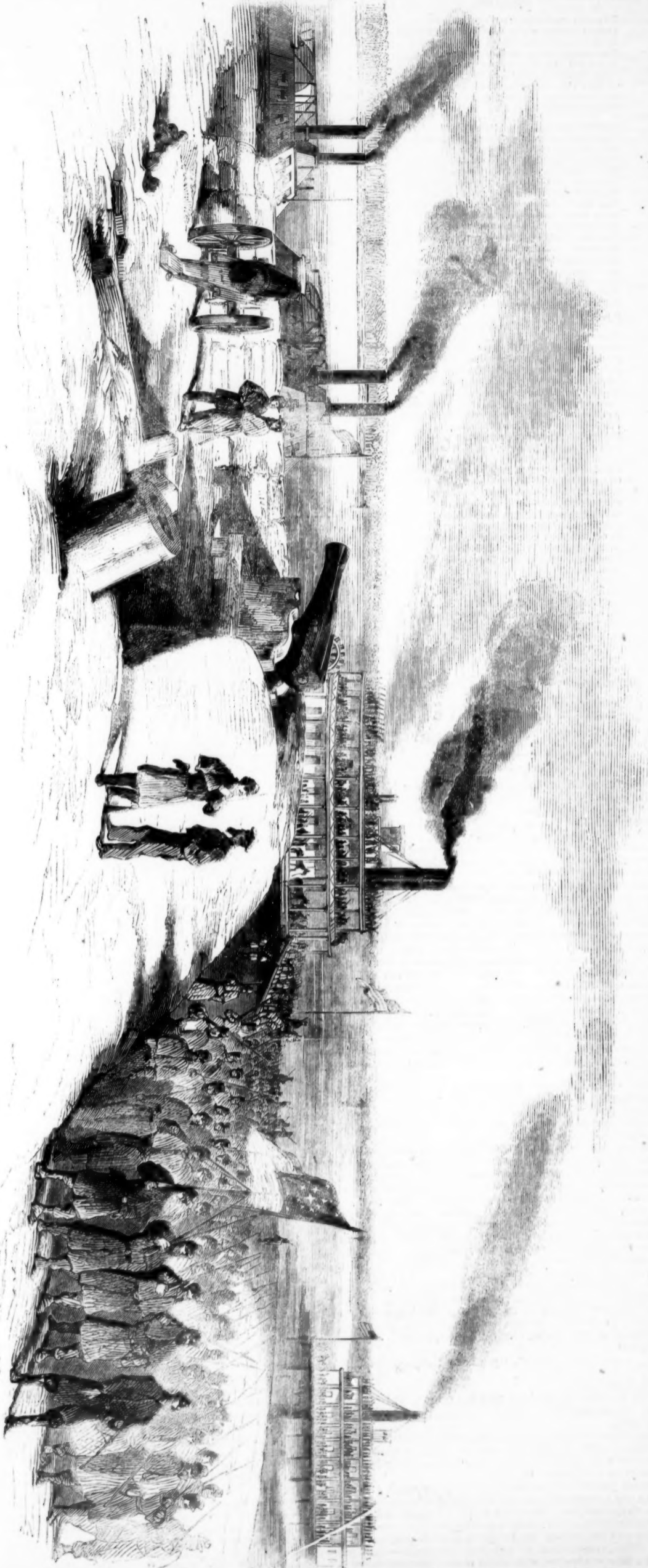
Sunken Vessels at New Madrid.

When the rebels found their position on Island No. 10 untenable, with their usual vandalism they destroyed all they could not steal away with them. For that purpose they scuttled their transports and their famous iron gunboat, the Grampus, leaving them half emerged in the river as monuments of their defeat. The appearance (Mr. Lovie says) of these semi-wrecks was very curious; but for their lopsided appearance they would have seemed as though anchoring in the stream, for the purpose of giving everything in their up and down passage an opportunity of running against them. With his accustomed activity Gen. Pope has had them raised, and we understand they are very little the worse for their partial immersion.

ISLAND NO. 10—REBEL ARSENAL ON KENTUCKY SHORE, IN A BAYNE OPPOSITE ISLAND NO. 10.



THE WAR ON THE MISSISSIPPI THE UNION ARMY, UNDER GENERAL POPE, IS DRIVING THE REBELS FROM THE KENTUCKY SHORE, OPPOSITE NEW MADRID, APRIL 1.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JAMES W. McLAUGHLIN.



[Written for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.]

ÆOLIAN.

I HAD a harp, whose ever-varying chords
Yielded sweet music to the south wind's breath,
So wild and sad, that I have often deemed
That unseen spirits waned with its tone,
And in the unbroken stillness of the night
I saw, or fancied that I saw, the group
Of fairy elves disporting to the strain,
And heard them chanting with unearthly voice
Songs of another and a purer world.

I sate one evening in the early May,
With one who loved me beyond all the rest,
And still doth love me, if seraph soul
Can know the object of its earthly hope;
We two had wandered from the fragrant fields
Where we held dalliance with joyous flowers,
And hearkened to the gentle voice of Love,
That kindly Nature breathes upon the earth:
From Nature to her God was but a step,
And dwelt we then upon the other life,
The great To Be—but not in sorrow,
But rather in the tones of trusting faith,
And gazing on her pale and worn face,
A tremulous feeling stole throughout my frame,
For I did think of cold mortality
Throwing its shadows over my heart's love,
Quenching the patient smile, that I would know
Amid a multitude.

The evening breeze,
Rich with the odor of fresh flowers and grass,
Stole through the harpstrings with melancholy play,
Now like the wailing of a mother's grief
Over her only hope, so wild and high—
Then shrill and piercing, as the dreary tone
Heard when bitter winter pours along
Its keenest blast through the rank tall grass,
That bendeth over graves on some hill-top.
I bade her listen to its varying tone,
But she nor hearkened or replied to me—
I clasped unto my heart her pale, thin hand,
But it was cold and heavy to my touch—
I looked into her eyes, they gazed on Heaven,
Or seemed to gaze, the spirit was not there—
I tried to pray, but grief was far too deep
For tear or prayer—so alone I stood,
Watching above her, in a mute despair:
Just then, a golden canopy stole o'er
The clouds, that rested on the horizon's edge,
And lingering a moment, like a dream,
Faded from sight, leaving the earth engulfed
In darkness dead, but not so terrible
As that which Fate had given unto me;
For the bright stars will light the earth again,
And the glad sun will usher in the day.
But neither sun nor star will bring to me
The loving presence of the one I lost
In the wide arms of Eternity,
On that May-day I speak of.

C. O'B.

[Written for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.]

THE HALF-SISTERS.

A Story of Metropolitan Life.

CHAPTER XVI.

We reached the house by different paths, Miss Volte arriving before me. The guests had gathered upon the portico in obedience to the first bell for tea, which was presently served in the hall.

Chiswick and myself were to return by the train which stopped at the station a little before eight, and after the tea was over, and the party had again broken up into groups and gone wandering out upon the lawn to listen to the music of the ocean, or watch the afternoon play of light upon the wandering, restless waters, Madame de Brissac improved the interval by giving Chiswick grim advice. She impounded that gorgeous young person, wedding him into a corner of the portico railings, heading off possible retreat with her armchair, and enforced upon him a series of general assurances that he would come to no good, and that he was bringing down the bald heads and the wigs of his elderly relatives in sorrow to the grave. Chiswick had of late been detected in the glaring misdemeanor of attending a sparring exhibition, in which the Bloomingdale Chicken and the Communipaw Slasher had knocked each other on the head in the most friendly manner for one hour and twenty minutes, for the benefit of the widow of a deceased pugilist. There was a telescope upon the terrace, mounted upon a tripod, and commanding the whole horizon of water; so that, not feeling inclined to be the witness of Chiswick's humiliation, I went and looked through the instrument, without seeing anything, till my head swam and everything turned the color of peaspoup.

While I was thus employed, I became conscious that Miss Volte was standing near me, as if she had happened there by accident.

"Do you see anything?" she said.
I explained the effect the effort to look had upon my vision, and she pretended to adjust the slides.

"I forgot," she said, while her white taper fingers were clinging to the tube, "to say that I may wish to know where to find you at a moment's notice. Look through the instrument for a while, and let me find upon the grass here, when you are gone, a little pellet of paper with your address upon it. There are eyes all about us."

She walked slowly away, leaving the instrument in a more hopeless state of non-adjustment than ever. I pretended to gaze with deep interest upon a supposititious ship in the distance for a few minutes, and then wrote my name and address upon a fragment of paper, torn from an envelope, and left it, in the shape of a bullet, lying precisely in the centre of the tripod.

It was about half a mile to the station, and a suitable time before the arrival of the cars Chiswick and myself took leave of Madame Mildred and Miss Wemmidge, the only ones who happened to be upon the portico. When we were out upon the road, across which the afternoon shadows trailed, Chiswick burst into a mild explosion of complaint.

"Oh! I say!" said Chiswick, "you heard her going on, didn't you?"

"Yes, I heard her."
"Well, that's the sort o' thing a feller has to put up with from her always. Rough, ain't it?"

I assented.
"And, what's worse than even her badgering, she puts Mil. up to it. To think of Mil. scolding away about my pipes and terriers, and laying it down heavy about the club. Why can't a feller be let alone to improve his mind in his own way?"

Chiswick seemed to be so much cut up by the nagging he had received that I abstained from reminding him that he had only himself to blame, and that he would change his habits, neither his aunt nor sister, who were, indeed, both very fond of him, would disturb him with admonition. He had grown quite eloquent under the sense of his wrongs when we arrived at the station—which was merely a little wooden box with a long wooden platform before it, both very bare and bleak, and watched over by a man with a wooden

leg and a cast in his eye, who was for ever taking a large, highly-colored and very damp handkerchief from his hat, wiping his brow and wheezing violently at the bystanders.

"Six-and-a-quarter minutes ahead of time," said Chiswick, consulting his repeater. "Time enough for a weed," and he pulled out his cigar-case, and was preparing to light a cigar, when the wheezy man, who united the functions of station-keeper and gardener, and who was so thickly covered with soil that garden vegetables might have been hopelessly planted all over him, suddenly appeared from the interior of his little house, and giving Chiswick to understand that smoking on the platform was forbidden under the strictest penalties, went gasping away and began adjusting the switch.

This new outrage operated upon Chiswick like a medicine. He returned the cigar-case to his pocket, and went and sat sorrowfully down upon a small keg which stood by the door.

There was a distant purr of wheels, and presently a plume of white smoke uprose in the distance, and the shrill scream of a whistle broke the afternoon stillness. The man with the wooden leg having adjusted the switch to his satisfaction, and hung a little white flag from the summit of one of the upright iron levers, came stamping back, and pegged his way up the stairs which led to the platform. Chiswick was still seated upon the keg, whistling in an abject and depressed manner.

"You might," said the man with the wooden leg, mopping his bald head with his handkerchief and looking down at Chiswick, whose earlock pointed over his shoulder like a red finger, "you might light your cigar now if you was a mind to. That there keg 'as got powder in it."

If the keg had exploded at that instant, Chiswick could not have been projected from it with greater velocity. He shot into the air like a many-colored kite, and came down just as the train swept hissing and screaming around a curve at a little distance.

We were the only passengers at the station, and the train stopped only for a moment, so that I had no opportunity of confirming my distinct impression that the keg contained only nails, and that the station-keeper's statement was merely a jocund flight of fancy. But I assured Chiswick of my conviction upon the subject, and it was as much as I could do to dissuade him from getting off at the next station, going back and investigating the subject.

It was a beautiful suburban reach of country through which the train was passing, with the sea on one side, purple with sunset, and on the other green fields and groves and villages and stately country seats, and trim cottages with woodbine about their porches, and beehives in the front yards; and past them all the train plunged noisily along, trailing its plume of smoke backward through the amber air. It stopped every few miles at the stations where there was generally a group clustered upon the platform exhibiting as fresh and eager a curiosity in respect to the arrival and departure as if the train had been a comet or a menagerie. It was so late that but few persons were going to the city, and the car in which Chiswick and myself sat there was only one other occupant, a meagre old woman with pink eyes and two or three cages containing parakeets. It was rather dull and lonely, notwithstanding the shrill chatter of the birds, and the old woman's ludicrous efforts to silence them, which she did by striking the tops of the cages with a rusty black fan, evidently supposing that exercise to amount practically to personal chastisement of the parakeets. Chiswick was out of spirits, and unusually gloomy for him; the sunset was dying along the West, and a tinge of blood was on everything—the waves, the sand-beach, the foliage, the windows of the houses, the little clots of cloud that lay along the sky—even the sombre plume of smoke, as I saw it when the cars were turning a curve, was tinged through and through with such funereal purple as that in which kings mourn for their kindred dead.

Past more stations, where the people swarmed about the platform like bees, with the blood-red glow on all their faces, where there were great shops with a weary ooze of smoke from their chimneys, and workmen about the doors, with tin pails in their hands and coats thrown on their arms; where there were country wagons, with great sluggish horses attached to them—dogs, children, piles of lumber, candysops, barrels, boxes, litter and all the chaos which usually surrounds the rustic railway station. On everything rested the drip of blood; the sunset was not angry, but it was ominous and sad. The air was so still that it scarcely fluttered the plumage of the trees, or stirred the hair of children who stood upon the crests of embankments here and there, and waved tiny handkerchiefs as the train, with a shriek, and a roar, and a rattle, and a wilderness of dust, swept past them like a great noisy dragon on some errand of vengeance.

Something ominous in the whirring metallic vibration of the wheels, as they rung along the level rails—a sort of purr, the sound of which impressed me as being of the color of the sunset. The glare of a bugle, is said by the blind, to convey the idea of scarlet. May not all sounds have their cognate colors as well? The coo of the turtle-dove reminds me always of an ashen purple, and the murmurs of the Æolian are opalescent. And this brazen ring, angry in its soft intensity, rising and falling in cadence as the train accelerated or slackened in speed, had the hue of blood.

Chiswick, biting his finger-nails and tugging at his earlock at intervals. That appendage was red at all times, now it was redder than ever, and Chiswick's habit of pulling away at it gave ground for the impression that he was milking it and expected it to give red ink. The parakeets, very much disturbed in mind, vituperating each other savagely, and the old lady's fan going like clockwork. Then a shriek, and a grinding of the brakes against the wheels, and a plunge into the tunnel where there was night for ever; and where the roar hurled back upon the ear, was of unearthly significance. Presently a faint gleam of light along the rocky side of the tunnel, then another wild, prolonged shriek of the whistle, a sudden tightening of the brakes, followed by a smell of scorched leather, then a crash, as the train dashed out of the mouth of the cavern; a crunching of something beneath the wheels, finally a dead stop; the wreck of a pony wagon lay along the country road, and at a little distance the pony, still attached to the shafts, was kicking viciously and squealing with consternation.

The cars were vacant of occupants in an instant, and the twenty or thirty passengers hurried to the scene of disaster. With the first glimpse of the wagon I divined the nature of the calamity and knew who were its victims. A deadly sickness came over me, and a cold moisture stood in beads upon my hands. Chiswick started me from this terrible trance by shaking me violently and shouting in my ear that there had been an accident. The sickness of heart and numbness of pulse passed slowly, and soon as I was master of myself I hurried out and joined the group of men and women with ashen faces, which gathered about the victims.

My surmise was correct. It was little Nellie and her father and Mrs. Kedge. They had been thrown from the wagon with incredible violence, and only Mrs. Kedge showed signs of life. The young girl lay upon her face with her hand clutching the grass, and near by old John, with a rill of dark blood issuing from his lips.

There was hurry and bustle amid the group of a noiseless, dreadful sort, before I had joined it. A woman lifted the young girl's head upon her lap and chafed her hands; other women stood by—some weeping, others with parted lips and anguish and terror upon their foreheads. A man of calm, authoritative aspect, who had immediately announced himself as a physician, was unbuttoning the waistcoat and shirt of old John, whose head was supported by some of the bystanders. Mrs. Kedge had recovered speech, and ministered to by a number of women, was moaning bitterly.

Having completed a rapid examination of the wounded man, the physician gave a word of direction to one of the officers of the train, and with the same silent air of authority, the same gentle, direct decision of manner, proceeded to ascertain the extent of the injuries which the young girl had sustained. He felt her pulse, loosened her girdle with his penknife, and administered a few drops of dark red fluid from a phial which he drew from a pocket-case. A faint flush passed over her face like a wave, her hands contracted with a quick, nervous tremor, and her eyes opened.

"Father! father! father!"
Something between a moan and a cry, and the air was tremulous with the sobs of women.

"He will be well soon, my child," said the doctor, in his deep voice, chafing her brow the while, and endeavoring to soothe her. "Pretty soon; keep calm, calm, my child; have you pain?"

"Oh, my father, oh, oh, take me to him; take me to my father."

"The child will be better presently," said the doctor, addressing himself to the ministering women. "She is uninjured; chafe her hands and let her have air"—and he turned away to direct the men who were placing the still unconscious blacksmith upon a litter composed of boards and covered with blankets. It was soon accomplished, and he was placed within the car. While they were carrying the others thither, I pulled the doctor by the sleeve and told him hurriedly and in a low voice, that I knew who they were.

"Are they badly hurt, doctor?" I said, clinging to his sleeve; "tell me, as if he were my father and she my sister. I must know, and I will."

The energy of manner impressed him. "He will die," said the physician, whispering in my ear; "she will recover, uninjured. The other is unhurt."

CHAPTER XVII.

It was only a little way from the city; the spires and masts uprose amid the waning red of the twilight immediately before us, as the train moved slowly on. They had arranged a sort of bed for each of the three injured persons, and the interposition of the physician's authority became necessary to prevent them from being smothered by the sympathetic passengers who crowded the car. The joint efforts of the doctor, the conductor, and an officious brakeman, who smelled of lamp-oil, and who wore a yellow patch, shaped like a mainsail, upon his temple, resulted in a partial clearance of the car—two men, several women, Chiswick and myself alone remaining. I remained at the doctor's request, who told me that he should require my assistance on our arrival in the city, and Chiswick's presence was permitted at my solicitation.

Old John was speechless and insensible, having exhibited since the accident no other sign of life than that of breathing faintly; Mrs. Kedge was recovering in a fitful, disorderly way, and Nellie, watchfully tended by two women, mother and daughter, as I judged from their appearance, now and then moaned pitiously and cried for her father.

When the first shock of pain and terror had passed, and the necessity of action uprose before me, I became calm, and as the train moved on through the deepening twilight, I seized Chiswick, drew him into a shadowy corner of the car, and after shaking him gently to make sure that his consciousness was fully awake, said:

"This is awful, Chiswick—awful! I know them; they are friends of mine and of the doctor's, too—Doctor Harris."

Chiswick turned white.

"Good God! Lulu, you don't mean that? come now."

"Not so loud! Keep still and look here, Chiswick; directly we get to the depot, do you get in a carriage and drive to Doctor Harris; tell him all about it, and tell him to come to John Raby's without a minute's delay. Stop—"

For Chiswick, in his eagerness to be of service to the sufferers, made as if he would rush through the door and start upon the errand on the instant.

"After that, drive to Tom's and get Mrs. Tom to come over to nurse them. You can bring her in the carriage. Will you keep it all in mind now, Chiswick? and be quick! It's a life and death matter, you know."

I had to repress the vehemence with which he declared that if the hackman lagged an instant he would shoot him through the body and mount the box himself, and by the time I had acquainted the doctor with my directions to Chiswick, the train rolled with a funereal rumble into the great depot, under the twin rows of staring lamps under the great arched canopy where the shadow lay black as death, and where the railway officials, each with his swinging lantern, round and lurid, like a bloodshot eye, glided to and fro amid the great shadows like goblins.

News of the accident somehow filtered through the shadows into the outer night, and there was a crowd assembled about the carriages in which the wounded men were placed before being driven home. They were common people mostly—working men with sleeves rolled up and short pipes in their mouths, which some of them took out and concealed, by way of expressing, in a rude fashion, a certain reverent sympathy for pain; there were women, too, old and haggard, and young and sad and worn—some with children at their breasts or clinging to their skirts; and when the white, motionless face of the young girl, the auburn hair floating loosely about, was borne beneath the lamplight, the women hugged their children closer to their breasts and said, "Poor, pretty dear, and so young, too!" and then a little hum of inarticulate moaning, and grim workmen asking of each other and of bystanders if she was dead, and how it happened, and saying that it was such a pity. And followed by these echoes of sympathy the carriages, three in number, moved away.

Chiswick, striking the platform long before the cars came to a stop, had hurried himself into a hack and rattled away with the utmost precipitation. I mounted the box of the carriage containing old John, the doctor and one of the passengers whose aid he had solicited, and guided the procession as it moved slowly towards the blacksmith's house. Fortunately it was not far away, and in less than half an hour we drew up before it. There was a bright light in the parlor, and the little handmaiden appeared at the door, which she partially opened, and peered out at the unwonted spectacle of the carriages.

I bounded from my seat, and was at the door in an instant.

"Who's that?" said the handmaiden, partly closing the door, and shrieking the inquiry through a crevice. "Go away; there's no one home."

"Hush!" said I, crowding the door open with my foot. "No noise, and don't be frightened; but there's been an accident, and we've brought them home."

"A haxident!" said the little handmaiden, flinging her hands in the air and clasping them above her head. "A haxident! Oh-o-o-o, dear me, they're killed! I know they're killed!" and blubbering and moaning, the little creature sank down into a small huddle of inconsolable pain, her head buried in her lap, and her brown hands twisted in her hair.

The inspiration that the little servant would be better out of sight and hearing coming to me suddenly, I took her up and carried her down the narrow stair into the kitchen, where I left her moaning in the dark. When I came up again, they were bearing old John in at the door, and as the lamplight shone upon his face, I saw that it was all over with the good old man. There was a flicker of life in his pulse, that was all.

They laid him upon the sofa in the little parlor, and it was not many minutes before Mrs. Kedge and Nellie were safely conveyed to the rooms above stairs. The mother and daughter who had watched

over them in the car came with them home; also a little swallow lady, a stranger likewise, with a cluster of moles upon her neck, copied, except as to color, from the Pleiades; and by the joint efforts of these three good women the wounded girl and her nurse were very shortly got to bed, and word found its way to the watchers in the parlor that they were as comfortable as could be expected.

It seemed only a little time before the whirr of a carriage broke the night stillness, which brooded warm along the streets. Chiswick had kept his word. And when I opened the door there he stood, moist and red with excitement and effort, milking his earlock vigorously, and motioning to Mrs. Tom and Tom, who had accompanied him, to enter first. Mrs. Tom was very white and afraid, and poor Tom was bewildered by the suddenness and vagueness of the summons, and it was only after several minutes of hurried colloquy in the hall that I succeeded in pacifying their curiosity. The younger of the ladies above stairs, overhearing the new arrival, came down the stair, and as it was no time for ceremony, I informed her that Mrs. Tom had come for the purpose of affording any possible assistance to the sufferers, and if she would consent to waive ceremony, and allow me to introduce her, I would do so.

"Mrs. Flitter," etc.
"My name is Agnes," said the young lady; "Agnes Carey. Will you kiss me?"

Mrs. Tom would and did with much affectionate warmth.
"Now we know each other, do we not? Come up and see the poor little creature. She is not badly hurt—hardly bruised at all—but the shock has been very dreadful."

So they went up the stairs together, and I took Tom and Chiswick into the little room at the end of the hall, wherein old John had been wont to smoke his pipe, and whither we had once retreated as a stronghold against the incursive Mrs. Kedge. Having disposed them safely, I went out to find the doctor, to inquire in what manner we could be of service.

Another whirr of wheels, and the doctor's gig drew up at the gate. I met him at the door and led him into the parlor, where the other doctor, in company with the two men who had accompanied us, was ministering to the patient.

The physicians knew each other, and their greeting was very warm and friendly, although it was marked by surprise on both sides. I withdrew immediately, and rejoined Tom and Chiswick in the outer room.

Both of these young gentlemen were in a state of great trepidation and alarm, occasioned by certain unearthly sounds which at one moment seemed to proceed from the flue, at another to mount from the floor, and at another to be wandering about generally without origin or destination. They were in the nature of moans, although they now and then rose into the emphasis of howls or deepened into gurgles. Chiswick at first surmised them to proceed from some derangement of the water pipes; he abandoned this theory reluctantly, on the assurance that there were no water pipes in the house, and took up the subject of wind as likely to afford the true solution of the mystery. As there was not a breath of air stirring, it became obvious that this meteorological hypothesis had not a leg to stand upon; and Chiswick, driven to extremity, took refuge behind a barricade of ghosts.

As soon as I was informed of the cause of the perturbation, I recollected the little handmaiden, and went down into the kitchen and brought her up in my arms. Her emotions had had the effect of doubling her up into a ball, and I had great difficulty in getting an eligible hold of her. When I at last succeeded in lifting her in my arms, her limbs began to unwind one after another and dangle in the most limp and flaccid manner. To my disturbed imagination she seemed to be gifted with about a hundred legs, and this centipede assortment, unwinding and hanging pendulous simultaneously, made her the most embarrassing Undine whom knight ever carried. But I got her up at last, straightened her out on the carpet, blew in her face, smote the palms of her brown hands, and in a rush of imbecility and self-distrust sent for Mrs. Tom.

Ride softly above the little cottage, Mother Night! and stir the woodbine at its door but gently. There is anguish of the innocent and of the good within. And Dawn, that waits awhile behind the East! rise tenderly, flushing the sky with soft Auroras—not with anger or with rain—for beneath this roof rest the bruised and the suffering; they likewise that tarry a little before they go forth into the valley of the shadow. They have need of tenderness.

(To be continued.)

FORT PULASKI—ITS BOMBARDMENT AND SURRENDER.

HAVING some time ago illustrated and described this important stronghold, we content ourselves now with a very brief description. Fort Pulaski is built on Cockspur Island, 14 miles from Savannah, at the mouth of the Savannah river. In 1831 its erection was commenced by Capt. now Gen. Mansfield. In form it is pentagonal, its walls are 40 feet high, and present two faces on the sea approach. The full armament of the fort consists on the lower tier of 65 32-pounder iron pieces, and the upper tier with 53 24-pounders, four 18-pounder flanking howitzers, one 13-inch mortar, 12 8-inch columbiads and seven 10-inch mortars—in all 150 guns. The columbiads, to which reference has been made, are very destructive weapons, of long range, and adapted to use spherical shot or shells. Many of those now in Fort Pulaski can be mounted to have a horizontal fire of 180 degrees, and a vertical fire of five degrees depression to 36 degrees elevation. The interior of the fort is well supplied with massive furnaces for heating shot, officers' quarters, soldiers' barracks, magazines, and a tolerable supply of shot and powder. On the exterior line of the fort there is a ditch which surrounds the work, and which, when dry, can be used by sharpshooters, or, should it be necessary at the approach of an enemy, easily flooded. Beyond this ditch is a glacis or inclined bank, which is enfiladed by the guns from the lower or casemate row of the fortification. The fort, at the time of its surrender, was on a full war footing. The full war garrison of the work is 800 men. Vessels of any considerable size, in beating up the channel to Savannah, are obliged to approach within 70 yards of the fort, and at this point many guns of large calibre can be made to concentrate their fire. The fortification is pronounced by expert army engineers one of the strongest and most perfect of its kind on this continent. It covers more area than Fort Sumter, but has one tier of guns less than that work.

Siege Preparations.

The arrival of Gen. Hunter having breathed a little fresh life into the Port Royal division of the National army, the reduction of Fort Pulaski was resolved on. Early in December Gen. Gilmore had received orders from Gen. Sherman to make a reconnaissance of Tybee Island, with a view to its occupation preliminary to the reduction of the fort. In his report Gen. Gilmore said:

"I deem the reduction of that work (Fort Pulaski) practicable by batteries of mortars and rifled guns, established on Tybee Island. I would place these batteries 20 or 25 yards apart, behind the ridge of sand westward from the lighthouse. I would sink the mortar batteries as low as the

water will permit; and the guns sufficiently low to leave a high parapet in front. On the sides and rear of each I would have a high mound of earth. The embrasures for the guns should be deep, narrow, and of little display. I estimate that, after once obtaining the range, five-eighths of the shells from the mortars should lodge inside the fort. I would have enough mortars to throw one shell a minute, and as many guns as mortars. The batteries should be served day and night."

On the 20th February Gen. Gilmore took possession of Tybee Island, and on the 22d commenced landing the ordnance, sending at the same time two companies with a battery to Decent Island, in Lafayette Creek, to intercept all communication between the fort and Savannah. From that day Pulaski has been in a state of the most rigorous blockade. On the 29th February the entire force on Tybee Island was placed under the sole command of Gen. Gilmore.

Nature of the Works.

The works erected are eleven batteries, with a parapet in front eight feet high, with a bombproof traverse between every two guns, the sides of the parapets and traverses being rivetted with rods, fascines or hurdle works. The mortars fire over the parapets, and the guns through embrasures, cut in the parapets. The batteries nearest to Fort Pulaski are connected with trenches, to permit a safe communication between them. All the advanced batteries have splinter-proof shelters, and each one having three reliefs, two of them can all the time be under shelter. These advanced batteries have also a bombproof surgery, supplied with a table and all requisites for surgical operations; and each battery has also a well of water. In a word, the admirable manner in which these works have been constructed and arranged stamps Gen. Gilmore as one of the greatest engineers of the age, and we here avail ourselves of the opportunity to tender to that distinguished officer our best thanks for the kindness he extended to our Artist, Mr. Crane.

The Batteries.

Battery.	No. of Guns.	Size.	Kind.	Weight lbs.	Range, Yds.	W'n Made
Stanton.....	3	13 inch.	Mortar...	17,120	3,476	1861
Grant.....	3	13 inch.	Mortar...	17,120	3,256	1861
Lyon.....	4	10 inch.	Columb'd	15,050	3,256
Lincoln.....	3	8 inch.	Columb'd	9,230	3,045	1844
Burnside.....	1	13 inch.	Mortar...	17,120	2,700	1861
Sherman.....	3	13 inch.	Mortar...	17,120	2,677	1861
Halleck.....	2	13 inch.	Mortar...	17,120	2,467	1861
Scott.....	2	10 inch.	Columb'd	15,050	1,777	1861
	1	8 inch.	Columb'd	9,230	1841
Siegel.....	5	30 lbs.	Part's. cr
	1	24 lbs.	James
McClellan.....	2	42 lbs.	James
	2	32 lbs.	James
Totten.....	4	10 inch.	Mortar...	1,802	1,693	1841

In addition to these, a boat had been brought around through Lazaretto Creek, and placed near its mouth, on which was a most effective battery. The laborious honor of erecting these works is due to the 7th Connecticut Volunteers, the 46th New York Volunteers, the New York Volunteer Engineers, Rhode Island Artillery, 8th Maine, 76th Pennsylvania, and 8th Michigan. On the 7th of April, Gen. Gilmore pronounced his preparations to commence the bombardment as complete, and only awaited Gen. Hunter's command to "open the ball."

The Surrender Demanded.

At daybreak on the morning of the 10th, a boat was dispatched to Col. Olmstead, the commander of the rebel fort, with the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
TYBEE ISLAND, Georgia, April 10, 1862.

To the Commanding Officer, Fort Pulaski, Georgia:
SIR—I hereby demand of you the surrender and restoration of Fort Pulaski to the authority and possession of the United States. This demand is made with a view to save the effusion of blood, which must follow the bombardment and assault now in readiness to be opened.

The number, calibre and completeness of the batteries surrounding you leave no doubt as to what must be the result in case of your refusal; and as the defence, however obstinate, must eventually succumb to the assailing force at my disposal, it is hoped that you may see fit to avert the useless waste of life.

This communication will be carried to you, under a flag of truce, by Lieut. J. H. Wilson, U. S. A., who is authorized to wait any period, not exceeding thirty minutes, for your answer.

I have the honor to be, Sir, very respectfully,
Your most obedient servant,
DAVID HUNTER, Maj.-Gen. Commanding.

To which the following reply was received:

HEADQUARTERS FORT PULASKI, April 10, 1862.

Maj.-Gen. David Hunter, Commanding on Tybee Island:
SIR—I have to acknowledge receipt of your communication of this date, demanding the unconditional surrender of Fort Pulaski. In reply, I can only say that I am here to defend the fort, not to surrender it.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
CHAS. H. OLMSTEAD,
Col. 1st Volunteer Regiment of Georgia, commanding Post.

The Bombardment.

At twenty minutes to eight the first gun was fired at the rebel fort from Battery Halleck, and others followed in rapid succession. Five minutes later the fort replied from one of its lowest tier guns; then came one from a barbette gun, and the fight was fairly in progress.

Gen. Benham, in his report to Gen. Hunter, thus describes the effects of the bombardment:

"At about seven on the morning of the 11th the fire opened with great vigor and accuracy, the certainty as to direction and distance being greatly beyond that of the previous day, especially on the part of the enemy—there being scarcely any exposure of our force that did not draw a close shot, while the embrasures and parapets of our batteries were most accurately reached.

"At about 10 to 11 A.M. I visited the batteries, finding each of them most efficiently served, especially the small mortar batteries nearest the fort, the batteries just referred to, in charge of the Navy and Capt. Turner, and the columbiad batteries under Capt. Pelouse. I found that an embrasure at the breached point, which was much enlarged on the previous day, was now opened to fully the size of the recess arch, or some eight or 10 feet square, and the adjacent embrasures were rapidly being brought to a similar condition. At about noon the whole mask and parapet wall of the casemate first injured fell into the ditch, raising a ramp quite visible to us, and soon after the corresponding parts of the adjacent casemates began to fall, the Parrott and James shot passing quite through, as we could see the heavy timber blindage in rear of the casemates, to the rear of the magazine, on the opposite (north-west) angle of the fort.

"In this state of things I felt sure that we would soon be called to peel off the whole scarp wall from the front of the casemates of the south-east front, making a breach greatly larger than the small garrison could defend, with, probably, another smaller breach upon the opposite side; and I at once determined that, if the resistance was continued, it would be best, and entirely practicable, to storm the fort successfully within 30 to 40 hours. And I had

given directions to Gen. Gilmore to have suitable scaling-ladders prepared for the purpose, and was arranging for the proper forces, boats, &c., when, at about two P.M., we discovered a white flag thrown up, and the rebel flag, after telling out to the wind for a few minutes at half-mast, came slowly to the ground."

Our Artist, Mr. Crane, observes that the batteries at Goat Point were remarkably effective; these, however, were the nearest, and, of course, had greater opportunity for doing execution.

Gen. Gilmore says: "The only plainly perceptible result of this cannonade of ten and a half hours' duration, the breaching batteries having been served but nine and a half hours, was the commencement of a breach in the easterly half of the *pancoupé*, connecting the south and south-east faces, and in that portion of the south-east face spanned by the two casemates adjacent to the *pancoupé*. The breach had been ordered in this portion of the scarp, so as to take in reverse, through the opening, the magazine located in the angle formed by the gorge and north face.

"Two of the barbette guns of the fort have been disabled, and three casemate guns silenced. The enemy served both tiers of guns briskly throughout the day, but without injury to the *matériel* or *personnel* of our batteries.

"The result from the mortar-batteries was not at all satisfactory, notwithstanding the care and skill with which the pieces were served.

"On the morning of the 11th our batteries again opened a little after sunrise with decided effect, the fort returning a heavy and well-directed fire from its barbette and casemate guns. The breach was rapidly enlarged. At the expiration of three hours the entire casemate next the *pancoupé* had been opened, and by 11 o'clock the one adjacent to it was in a similar condition. Directions were then given to train the guns upon the third embrasure, upon which the breaching batteries were operating with effect, when the fort hoisted the white flag."

The Surrender.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of April 11th the white flag was hoisted on Fort Pulaski, and the firing ceased. When this occurred Gen. Gilmore was at dinner, but the news soon reached him, and he came directly to the nearest battery. To communicate with the fort was a work of some difficulty; the wind had been blowing a gale for nearly 24 hours, and the river was very rough. But he succeeded in getting over to the fort, with his aid, Lieut. Badeau, about four o'clock, and was speedily followed by Major Halpin, Gen. Hunter's Adjutant; Capt. Ely and Hawks, Adjutant and Aid of Gen. Benham; and Lieut. Lawin, U. S. Navy, accompanied by Lieut. Col. Hall, of the New York Volunteer Engineers, and Capt. Pelouse, Inspector-General of the Department.

Gen. Gilmore entered the fort alone, the remaining officers, on the request of Col. Olmstead, remaining outside. After about an hour's delay, the terms of capitulation were negotiated, and Gen. Gilmore returned, with Lieut.-Col. Hall, to Tybee, to submit the articles to Gen. Benham, and through him to Gen. Hunter; leaving Major Chas. H. Halpine, of Gen. Hunter's staff, Capt. A. B. Ely, of Gen. Benham's staff, and Lieut. John Irwin, U. S. N., to receive possession of the fort and garrison, and to await the forces to be detailed to the duty of occupation. These officers then entered the fort; the guns of the garrison were stacked in the area, and the men ordered to their quarters. The National officers were conducted to the quarters of Col. Olmstead by his Adjutant, where the commissioned officers of the garrison, 24 in number, were assembled, and surrendered to Maj. Halpine the swords, according to the terms of capitulation. The garrison numbered 361 men, 24 of whom were officers, and consisted of five companies—three native Georgians, one German and one Irish. They belonged to the 1st Georgia regiment.

Terms of Capitulation.

ART. 1. The fort, armament and garrison to be surrendered at once to the forces of the United States.

ART. 2. The officers and men of the garrison to be allowed to take with them all their private effects, such as clothing, bedding, books, &c. This not to include private weapons.

ART. 3. The sick and wounded, under charge of the hospital steward of the garrison, to be sent up under a flag of truce to the Confederate lines; and at the same time the men to be allowed to send up any letters they may desire, subject to the inspection of a Federal officer.

Signed the 11th day of April, 1862, at Fort Pulaski, Cockspur Island, Ga.

(Signed,) CHAS. H. OLMSTEAD,
Col. 1st Vol. Reg't of Georgia, Commanding Fort Pulaski.
(Signed,) Q. A. GILMORE,
Brig.-Gen. Volunteers, Commanding U. S. F., Tybee Island, Ga.

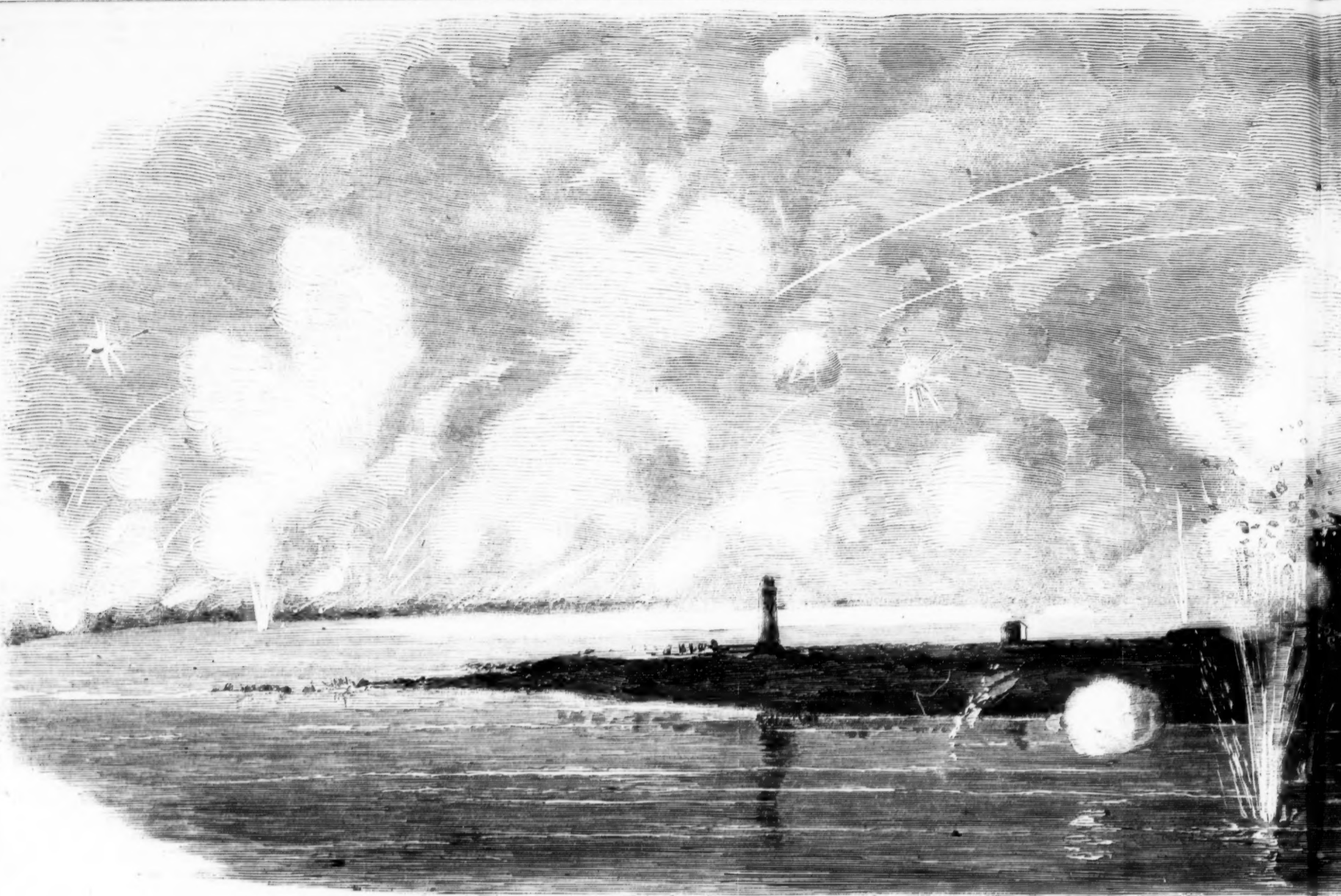
Col. Olmstead, the Rebel Commander.

The correspondent of the New York Times says that "Col. Olmstead strikes all who come in contact with him as a man of superior character. He is apparently not over 30 or 35 years of age, tall and well-shaped, with a high forehead, calm and reflective countenance, and mild and gentlemanly manners. In him the fire-eater finds no type. He was dressed in a suit of light cloth, and looked every way the soldier. Our conversation was entirely confined to the events of the siege, and did not take a political shape." And another correspondent says that he entertained the National officers in his own quarters, while they were waiting the arrival of the Commanding General, with a courteous hospitality and subdued geniality of manner which won all their hearts. Gen. Hunter has expressed a desire that he may be allowed to give back to Col. Olmstead his sword, as a compliment to his gallantry and courtesy. This is conclusive as to Gen. Hunter's astonishment at meeting with a rebel officer like the captured commander of Fort Pulaski. The writer we have already quoted adds:

"Col. Olmstead is a resident of Savannah, and I learn from one of our officers who spent the night at his quarters, is a man of religious habits, and discourses in regard to the war like one who has a motive of principle in the contest. He says that it seems to the Southerners that they are literally being 'hunted down,' while themselves only contending for their natural rights.

"As a body, the officers I have seen are men of very gentlemanly manners, but thoroughly rebellious in their feelings. In my judgment, they differ strikingly in this respect from the men; confirming the theory, that this war, on the part of the rebels, is waged for the benefit of a class, and that the masses already see, as they will soon do more and more, that this is the grand issue of the contest, and an issue in which their interest is not in unison with that of their leaders."

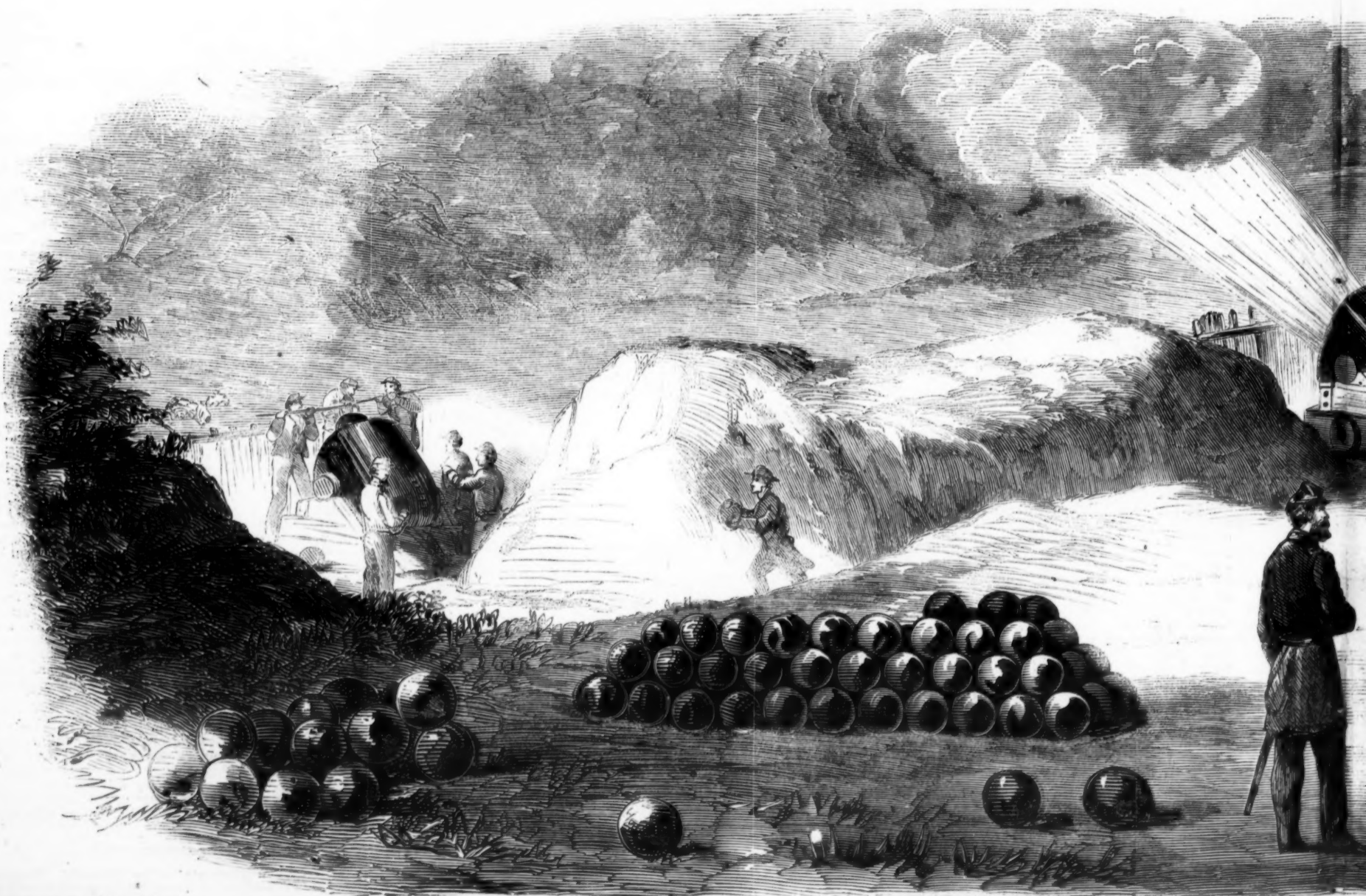
THOROUGHLY "HINGLISH."—The Montreal Commercial Advertiser quotes a remark of Parson Brownlow, that the only man thing he ever knew Zollkofer to do was "to join the Southern Confederacy and fight under such a cause," and then adds: "Other people will think that Zollkofer was as consistent and honorable in the last act of his life as it is admitted that he was in his previous course. He fought and died for as holy a cause as ever sent a patriot and a soldier to battle."



National Batteries.

Beacon.

THE WAR IN GEORGIA—THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT PULASKI—SECOND DAY, F



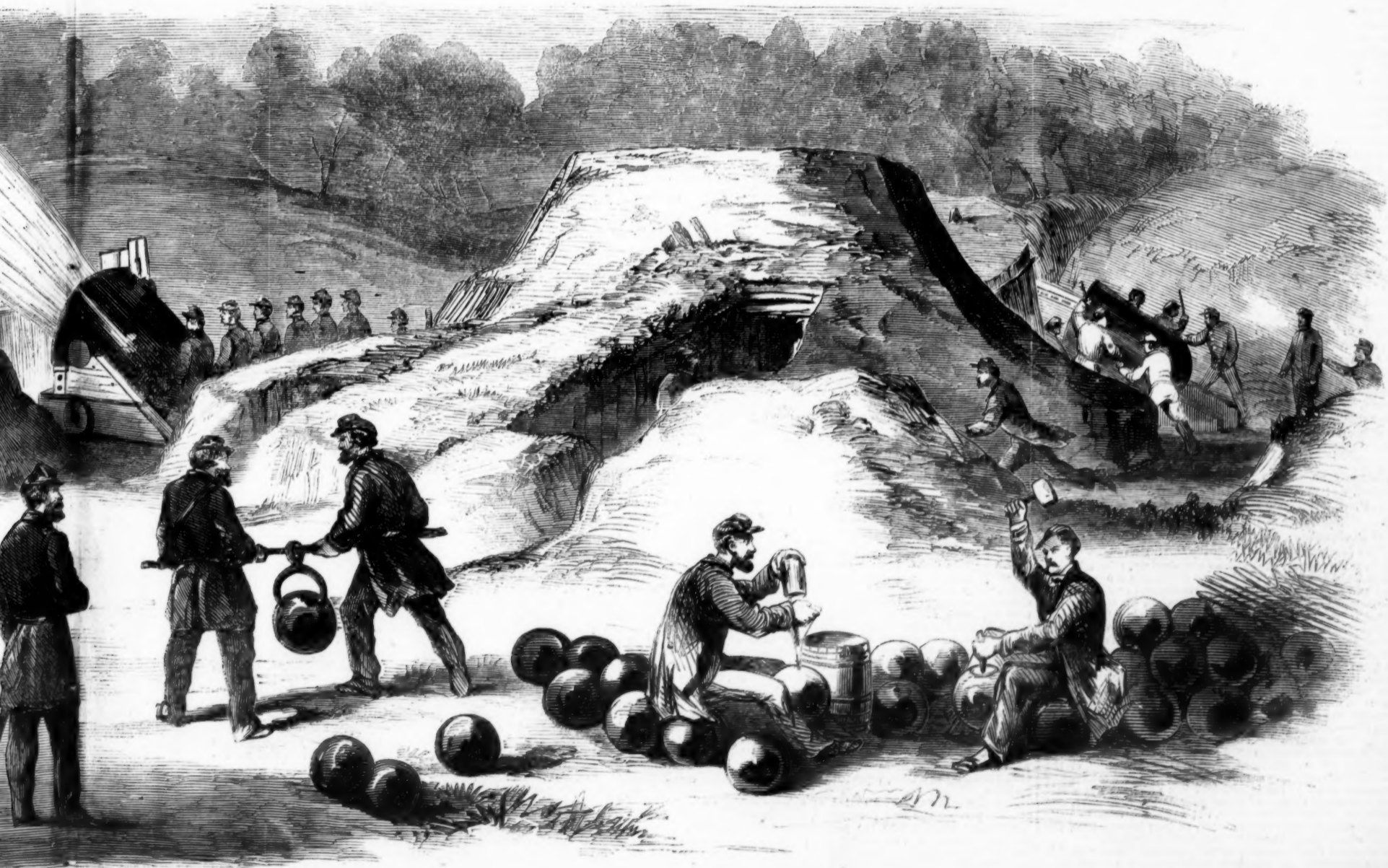
Loading a Mortar.

THE WAR IN GEORGIA—INTERIOR OF MORTAR BATTERY STANTON, TYBEE ISLAND, SHOWING THE OPERATION OF THE 13-INCH



Rebel Flag hoisted after having been shot

COND DAY, FRIDAY, APRIL 11.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.—SEE PAGE 23.



Magazine.

Filling the Shell with its bursting charge.

Driving the Fuse Plug.

Pointing a Mortar.

THE 13-INCH MORTARS, DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT PULASKI, APRIL 10.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.—SEE PAGE 23.

THE LOST BIRD.

[Translated from the Spanish of Carolina Coronado de Perry.]

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

My bird has flown away,
Far out of sight has flown, I know not where.
Look in your lawn, I pray,
Ye maidens, kind and fair,
And see if my beloved bird be there.

His eyes are full of light—
The eagle of the rock has such an eye—
And plumes exceeding bright,
On his smooth temples lie,
And sweet his voice and tender as a sigh.

Look where the grass is gay
With summer blossoms—haply there he cowers—
And search, from spray to spray,
The leafy laurel bowers,
For well he loves the laurels and the flowers.

Find him, but do not dwell
With eyes too fond on the fair form you see,
Nor love his song too well;
Send him at once to me,
Or leave him to the air and liberty.

For only from my hand
He takes the seed into his golden beak,
And all unwiped shall stand
The tears that wet my cheek,
Till I have found the wanderer I seek.

My sight is darkened o'er,
When'er I raise his eyes, that are my day,
And when I hear no more
The music of his lay,
My soul, in utter sorrow, faints away.—N. Y. Ledger.

[Written for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.]

The Inquisitor of Carthage;

OR,

THE DUNGEONS OF HEMANEE.

THERE is a large Spanish city on the N.W. coast of South America, with embattled towers and fortified walls shelving toward the sea, against whose slopes the waters dash, and white crested waves sport in strong sunlight, appearing to dance to the music of the convent bells, which are ringing an early call to vespers.

The city of Carthage lies partly concealed amid the islands adjacent, itself forming a microscopic angle of the great continent. In the reign of Philip V., King of Spain, this key to the Spanish possessions in South America was the only seaport that offered facilities for a communication with the interior.

During the years of 1720 up to 1725 inclusive, the hydra-headed Inquisition attained its maximum of power; emperors and kings trembled, and Charles II., timid and superstitious as he was, saw himself under the necessity of sending a Commission of 12 nobles, in 1721, to investigate their powers, and request the Holy Office to restrain itself from unwarranted assumptions. The Commissioners were terrified, and reported only that the evil was irremediable. Without expatiating on the wealth and luxuries abounding in Carthage de las Indias, we will proceed to relate, with as few extraneous details as possible, the fearful sufferings of a noble Spanish family, martyrs to the cause of a priestly fanaticism and Romanistic zeal.

The palace of the Sacred Office of the Inquisition, fronting on the Plaza, had its rear buildings toward the bay, overlooking the bristling ramparts, and presenting to view the palm-bordered Isle of Tierra Bomba. The rolling waves breaking against the walls, stifled many a groan which issued from the depths of its dank and poisonous vaults, through their iron-grated windows.

Don Joaquin S— had for a long time made himself obnoxious to the head of the Santo Oficio, Benalcazar Torquemada, from having on several occasions indicated to the confessor that the penances inflicted for the venial sins committed by his lady were too severe; not that he (Don Joaquin) was acquainted with their nature, but that the performance of said penances was undermining the lady's constitution, her health declining so rapidly as to threaten her speedy dissolution; the ravages made were visible even to those persons who were by no means on intimate terms with the family, and which now could be dated as accelerating since the last interview with her ghostly counsellor.

A short time only elapsed, and Doña Barbara disappeared from this scene of worldly conflict. She expired after a short attack of fever, attended with distressing delirium, unaccompanied by any lucid intervals—brought on entirely (as Maria was wont to say) by the threatenings of her spiritual adviser.

Maria was a faithful domestic who had lived in the family 30 years, and who had journeyed with them from Valladolid, in old Spain. This attached servant was closely observed by the spies of the confessor; although she manifested no signs of opposition to the decrees of Torquemada, still it was plain to be seen that she detested them, that her heart rebelled against them, and that her sympathies were all in favor of her mistress. The wily chief was heard to remark to his secretary, "that Maria's time would come after the others were disposed of."

Antonio, formerly an acolyte in the convent of the Dominican friars at Madrid, was the sole confidant of the Inquisitor-General, whose will was law. This youth had been highly recommended by the metropolitan archbishop to the chief of this institution as a person worthy of all confidence, and proofs were not wanting to establish the purity of his descent from the first of the Castilian nobles.

Banished from his friends, connections and country, soon after his education had been finished in the Jesuits' College at Rome, he became morose and sullen, his hopes futile, aspirations crushed, noble sentiments destroyed, seeds of virtue implanted in his tender mind deadened, or if permitted to germinate, chilled in their inflorescence.

Antonio was secretary to the Inquisitor-General as well as his confidant, and scarcely an idea crossed the mind of Torquemada that was not instantly communicated to the trustworthy Antonio, who exhibited a seeming indifference to all that passed around him, and the calm, pale, immovable features never for a moment relaxed into a smile, or the visage manifest the least signs of emotion; all was apparent severity in the breast of this characteristic young Jesuit.

Don Bernardo was the accepted lover of Doña Irene, daughter of Don Joaquin S—, who ere this would have been united to his betrothed, but for the sickness and death of his bride's mother, Doña Barbara, which mournful event caused the nuptials to be deferred, or rather postponed for an indefinite period, since the grief of the maiden was excessive, nothing seeming to assuage her sufferings or give a temporary relief to the intensity of her anguish; she would not listen to a proposed change of scene indicated by her father, and urged strenuously by her faithful lover, but remained deaf to their entreaties, unwilling to leave the chamber, or part herself from the couch on which her departed parent had but lately reposed.

It will be observed that Torquemada took unusual interest in this family, having placed the old confessor in the position he occupied; but this interest was not surprising, when we consider that its members were few, and that the entirety of its vast possessions were bequeathed to the Holy Office on the demise of the two persons now existing—father and daughter. The exact nature of Torquemada's influence was unknown, and even Don Joaquin himself, although

inimical to it, was ignorant of its cause, and unable to shake off its mysterious power.

Don Joaquin had lately been somewhat imprudent in conversation at his breakfast-table, in company with Don Bernardo, having said to his intended son-in-law, "that the strange and sudden death of his señora remained to him a profound mystery, which he considered his duty to unravel, or perish in the attempt; furthermore, he had misgivings concerning the vocation of the old confessor, whom he doubted not was one of the many instruments employed by the Inquisitorial Council. He should therefore, firstly, revoke his will on the morrow, obtain another confessor from the Carmelite monastery, and leave his wealth to relatives in Spain." Scarcely had he concluded saying this, when the door which had been ajar was pushed suddenly open, and his faithful servant rushed quickly into the room, and inclined herself partly over the table, while in hurried and trembling accents she exclaimed:

"Chito, mi Amo! aquí está la Escucha!" (Hush, my dear master, the listener is at hand.)

'Twas too true; the poor, tender-hearted Maria had encountered in the lobby a nurse introduced by Torquemada, who had been the constant attendant of Señora Barbara during her sickness, and was retained as a maid for Doña Irene, at her confessor's request (although this lady confided her troubles to no one). This person was the Escucha, the eavesdropper, the spy!

This woman (Margarita) had been a continued source of uneasiness to many, and enforced, as it were, a constraint on each individual of this family, as no one could now doubt her vocation; her services could be dispensed with, still no hints sufficed to make her resign her situation, and to discharge her without giving intimation and reasons satisfactory to the Inquisitor-General, who had placed rather than recommended her there, would have been unadvisable, and probably provoke his displeasure.

But now the plot was hastening towards its consummation. The evening of the same day on which Don Joaquin avowed his determination of penetrating the apparent mystery in which his wife's death was involved, and his resolution to alter and annul that part of his will which bequeathed the larger portion of his possessions to the Santo Oficio—that same evening the Escucha presented herself to Doña Irene, apologizing for remaining longer than her services were required, and requesting to be permitted to retire immediately, as her mother was suddenly seized with a sickness, and required her attendance and nursing—the messenger from her parent still waiting in the courtyard below.

After the departure of the Escucha, the gloom disappeared which had of late rested on all the household, Doña Irene and Maria alone not being participants in this temporary alleviation; the former, perhaps, because all interest in the affairs of daily occurrence had lost their charm, or rather that her reason was beclouded by the irreparable loss she had so lately sustained in the death of an idolized mother; the latter, because she felt their doom was sealed and inevitable. She saw plainly before her the spy's black dress as the last fold prevented the closing of the lobby door adjacent to the dining hall; she heard her master say that his suspicions were aroused; she heard Torquemada's last order to the Escucha, "be watchful!" she saw the spy bid farewell to her mistress, and heard the lying excuse; she saw the messenger loosen his cowl, and knew by the shaven crown he came from the palace of the Holy Office, and worse, alas! than all, she had by chance seen a rosary with the insignia of the Inquisition embroidered on a heart-shaped pendant attached, and which was wont to be concealed within the bosom of Margarita.

Poor Maria! her worst fears were about to be realized. Not that she cared for herself, although fully convinced that she must perish also; but that the family she almost adored should be so ruthlessly destroyed! and in the name of the Supreme Being! "Oh, impossible! Blessed Virgin! Madre mi Señora!" and the poor Maria fell senseless!

On reviving, she found herself resting on an ottoman, the butler kneeling near and sustaining her with his right hand, while his left contained restoratives, and her master bending over, offering words of consolation and kind encouragement, showing thereby his sympathy for the trustworthy and affectionate domestic. A flood of tears acknowledged her gratitude.

Soon recovering, she enveloped her face in the *rebozo*, and quickly threaded her steps by the narrow streets which intervened between the residence of her lady and the cathedral. On entering the sacred temple, which was dimly lighted, as vespers had long since concluded, she prostrated herself before an altar containing an image of the Virgin, *Nuestra Señora de los Dolores*.

It was customary to rehearse the introits and masses after the evening service, previous to the entrance of the *Semana Santa*, or Holy Week, and the choristers, monks and acolytes, who officiated, were now proceeding to arrange the lecterns for the reception of the monstrous parchments.

The pedal notes of the organ resounded through the arched roof, the swelling harmonies of the crescendo blending with the solitary notes of the clarion, came sweeping down the nave, undulating through the aisles amidst the massive pillars supporting the groined architrave.

Maria remained entranced, still kneeling before the image of the Virgin, when a burst of harmony from the choir and the "*Salve Regina*" rang through the edifice, arousing her from the reverie or stupor into which she had fallen, when, hastily concluding her orisons, she stealthily departed.

On leaving the porch, after having crossed herself with holy water contained in a font projecting from one of the numerous columns near the entrance, a sonorous voice pronounced these words:

"All must perish, Maria! all must perish! Yet be thou faithful to the last!"

She looked around, but no one was to be seen! The doleful music of the choir, which had changed into a solemn dirgelike chorus, was alone heard, while the words, "*Dum pendebat Filius*" at intervals fell upon the ear.

Maria rushed, rather than walked, toward her domicile, and hastened at once to the presence of her young mistress, whom she found, as usual, in a state of semi-obliviousness, which perhaps was best in the still over-excited state of Maria's mind, her brain reeling as she thought on the ominous words, "All must perish, Maria! all must perish!"

The hour of ten had just finished sounding from the cathedral spire, and three loud knocks were heard at the gates below. The porter, on the point of retiring, was somewhat alarmed at this unusual disturbance, and loudly demanded who it was.

"Quien es?"

The response was, in a tone of command:

"Open to the Holy Order of the Inquisition!"

No answer was returned, but hastening to obey, Pedro ran to unbar the massive fastenings and draw back the ponderous bolts which secured the portal; then falling on his knees, bowed his head, muttering in an audible voice a prayer to his favorite saint. The deputies of this fearful tribunal entered and passed onward. A massive silver cross surmounted a small black banner, which was borne by a figure robed in black serge, having cords around the waist, these forming a band of some five or six inches in width; a cloth also covered the head, falling over the shoulders, being fastened near the neck and back of the head by a white silken band, from which by silver chains hung a small crucifix: holes were perforated for the eyes, nose and mouth, the hands were disguised by black gloves, having white wristlets; on the feet were stockings of same material as the gloves, and hempen sandals protected the soles; on the right breast was a small white embroidered badge, bearing signs in Gothic characters, with superscriptions in Latin initials. The remaining six followers were similarly attired, save one alone, who had a red cloth cross, six inches in length, inserted in the outer garment, on the left side, and the badge on the right was embroidered with scarlet, which replaced the white seen in the others.

The visitors asked no questions of the porter; but, as if acquainted with the house, they marched with solemn gait direct for the gallery, and, knocking at a door, repeated the same words as on entering the portico.

Don Joaquin was found seated at a large table, on which were strewn parchments and documents, some of which he appeared to have been arranging with the person who admitted them, evidently the lawyer, and who, on seeing the visitors, was in a moment on bended knee in silent supplication, imploring divine protection. Don Joaquin was surprised at this untimely visit, and alas! like all who dared to question the deadly power of this order, found too late that his plans were thwarted and he powerless to counteract the designs of this terrible institution.

The monk who bore the device of the red cross now advanced, and holding forth a paper, read in a loud voice as follows:

"You are forthwith ordered to appear before the Holy Tribunal of the Inquisition."

"Given in our Palace in Cartagena de las Indias, this 16th day of March, 1720."

"Don Joaquin S— will accompany the Ambassadors of the Santo Oficio to the Sala de Profundis without delay."

Don Joaquin asked if time would be permitted him to arrange his scrolls and papers; when the red cross answered, saying there was no necessity. All left the apartment immediately, extinguishing the tapers with one exception, this serving to prepare the wax for the great seal. Closing and locking the door, four white cords were placed over the key-plate in a cruciform shape, and beneath it the large black seal of the order. The procession retraced its steps, accompanied by their prisoner, the red cross bearing the key of the chamber: soon arriving at the palace gates, from whence flickered a dim light with three burners. The portals swung open at a signal from the standard-bearer, and tramping through a dark corridor, they halted before the entrance of a long saloon. A bell tolled with sonorous note, and the drapery concealing the interior was withdrawn aside, as if by magic, discovering the *Sala de Profundis* and the Inquisitors in session. This name (*Sala de Profundis*) is usually applied to a large room or hall destined as a receptacle for the bier containing a corpse, where it is placed on trestles in the centre of the apartment, the night previous to interment, in monastic edifices; but in this institution it was the council chamber. This chamber was hung with black, images of saints occupied the niches, while large paintings covered the intervening spaces on the walls, representing the sufferings of martyrs and torments of the damned. At the extreme end were three tables, with their respective black draperies and cloths, elevated one above the other, and of unequal lengths; the lower one was long, at which sat four monks, dressed in black silk, heads uncovered, and poring over parchments; around them were scattered numerous attendants, with veiled faces. At the second table, which was only half the length of the former, sat two, robed as the one who bore the mandate, with the exception of the hat, these wearing large-rimmed black hats, lined and turned up with red silk; the upper table or desk was for one alone, and robed in purple silk, hat of same color, with green linings and trimmings, also of silk, sat the Inquisitor-General, Benalcazar Torquemada. The pendant drapery from first table had a white silken crucifix embroidered on it, that of the other a flaming cross, and the lower one a white cross and arms of the order; numerous standards and emblems of the Inquisition were to be seen in racks or stands destined for processions and other significant uses.

A small railing and platform faced the lower table, to which the prisoner was led, when the notes of an organ and the distant voices of monks were heard. A deathlike silence prevailed for some minutes, when the bell again tolled one, as before, and a short chant, sung in unison by those present, being concluded, the key of Don Joaquin's chamber was placed on the lower table, and he himself surrounded by members of the Inquisition. A little bell tinkled, and all heads were uncovered simultaneously, the shaven crowns of the ghostly company being exposed to view. One of the inquisitors at the second table, bearing the red cross, rose and read the accusation. The accuser was not present, but the prisoner remembered well the caution of his faithful domestic; and, as the words of this accusation corresponded verbatim with those he had pronounced when in company with Don Bernardo at breakfast, he was astounded at this apparently ubiquitous power; and pale and speechless was conducted by his tormentors to a cell.

Alone in his prison-house, a glance sufficed to enumerate its contents, which were as follows: A pallet; one chair and mat; a table, on which lay three parchment-bound books, entitled "*Vida de los Santos*," "*El Purgatorio*," "*Los Infernos*," and a small ancient lamp suspended from the ceiling, was all the scanty furniture of this stone-bound vault; an oval-shaped aperture, iron-grated, admitted air, and by day a feeble light glimmered through the interstices. The strong man became an infant, his powers enervated, he perhaps doomed to some horrible death, and ah! worse than all, his daughter inconsolable on account of her mother's death, driven to distraction by his protracted absence under such distressing circumstances. Is it strange that mind should be stultified? language reticent? intellect vacillating and oblivious? Ah, no! the pangs of one who enters these dread portals as a prisoner can scarcely be imagined, never described! Who shall portray the mental anguish, ere the brain becomes deadened and idiotic through the intensity of concentrated suffering?

Suspense, at all times grievous, causes a perplexity doubly painful within these walls. No judgment is pronounced until the moment it is to be carried into effect. These decrees are called *Autos de Fé*, from which judicial act there is no appeal.

The following morning an escort of six monks waited on Don Joaquin, starting him from a feverish stupor into which he had fallen, and led him to a gallery where priests' dresses and bands hung from the walls. Here he was robed and a crucifix placed in his hands. After which, they marched in procession slowly towards the chapel, which was filled with monks and recusers of the order. The assembly rose on their entrance, and then, on bended knees, chanted a solemn strain unaccompanied by the organ; when again rising, an inquisitor advanced from the altar and pronounced sentence of death on the prisoner, as follows:

"Don Joaquin S—, you are hereby condemned to death for slander and disrespect toward this Holy Order of the Inquisition, and out of his tender mercies, the Inquisitor-General has been pleased to order that you remain two hours alone in this capilla, affording time for self-examination previous to your confession; and at the expiration of said time a holy father will attend, whose ghostly counsel you may require, after which a member of the fraternity will proceed to carry the sentence into execution."

All responded Amen, and retired, leaving the prisoner to his own reflections and meditations.

Some time elapsed ere Don Joaquin recovered from the trance into which he had partially been thrown by the proclamation of the inquisitorial edict, not that he was entirely unprepared for this revelation, for fearful forebodings had shadowed forth their ominous gloom, and although fitful gleams of hope at times illumined the dreary vista, they were so evanescent that they only served to make the obscurity of the future less penetrable.

"Am I," said he, soliloquizing, "the man who, but a few short months ago, was almost wearied with an undisturbed repose—with unbounded wealth—possessing a family where love reigned supreme, and friendships which should have been enduring as the universe?"

A piteous moan escaped him, when suddenly a voice was heard pronouncing his name. The voice was recognised by Don Joaquin as being that of Antonio. Turning round he beheld a figure with the cowl closely drawn over his head. This figure was, indeed, Antonio, who had emerged from a concealed trap within the altar, and thus addressed the prisoner:

"Don Joaquin, I come to offer no consolation; your doom is inevitable, and I myself await but the consummation of plans which I am powerless to counteract, when, if not condemned to death by the surviving monsters (as the chief shall expire before me), I die by my own hand! If Torquemada's brain can bear what I have to divulge, a torture awaits him yet untried by any victim and inconceivable even to his fertile imagination. Oh, Torquemada! may the curses of the blest and the wailings of the lost descend upon thy head; the shadowy forms of the doomed, the flickering ghosts of those entombed alive, spectres with dismembered limbs and blackened corpses from the flames, haunt you without ceasing, and with their sepulchral cries frighten all slumbers from your eyelids!"

This was uttered on bended knee, his companion involuntarily taking the same posture during the solemn and earnest ejaculations of the youthful inquisitor. A distant murmur was heard, and the mournful notes of a monkish dirge approaching fell upon his ear.

"Farewell, Don Joaquin, and may we soon meet again in those mansions above where these emissaries of Satan can find no ingress!"

And Antonio hastily disappeared by the secret door in the altar.

The chapel doors were now opened and an old priest entered to confess the prisoner; after the confessional, which lasted about half an hour, the holy father retired, and one of the conductors entering, led out his prisoner; the crucifix, which had fallen from his hands, was replaced, and the attendant monks proceeded slowly, with their charge, through long corridors, when they descended two flights of stone steps, and arriving at a lodge, were met by a person who handed a paper to the cross-bearer who headed the procession.

The march was now continued, at times in silence, and again accompanied by the solemn chanting of the monks, as they tramped through the subterranean levels. Occasional avenues, opening on the right and left, would intervene between the abrupt and rocky

undulations of the tortuous passages, while rushing winds through the long corridors would bring forth noisome vapors, and the lighted torches attract the vampires and *murciagos*. At starting, some distant glimmer of light would be obtained through an iron-barred window, at the extremity of a level extending beyond the walls and beneath the ramparts of the city; but as the curving of these passages receded landward, this dark cavern was only partially illuminated by the flambeaux borne by the cadaverous friars.

Several questions were propounded by Don Joaquin to his attendants, but no answer was vouchsafed. Light, as of the penetration of the sunbeams, shone afar off, which soon became brighter; but ere it could be seen distinctly, an abrupt turn ushered them into one of the avenues on the left. A sudden halt soon after revealed the fate to which Torquemada had destined his prisoner.

The outer garments of six of the monastics fell to the ground, displaying stalwart men armed with swords and short axes, showing how vain would be all attempts at resistance. The cross-bearer advanced and read the paper delivered him at the entrance, viz.:

"The prisoner, Don Joaquin S—, will enter immediately into the vault, and may his soul soon be at rest with his Maker!"

Scarcely conscious of what was passing, Don Joaquin, in a semi-lethargic state, was assisted to step over a large block, visible only by torchlight, when two of the most muscular attendants commenced laying on top of this block stones already fitted to their respective places and filling in the space which offered the sole means of ingress. All was cemented, a deep moan being the last sound which proceeded from the narrow dungeon in which Don Joaquin S— was entombed alive.

And now the procession returns in haste to the palace, to inform the Inquisitor-General that his orders have been obeyed.

The night on which Don Joaquin was conveyed to the Inquisition saw Don Bernardo, attended by other monks, secured within the prisons of the *Santo Oficio*. On the morning following the scene we have attempted to portray, Don Bernardo had a mock trial in the *Sala de Profundis*, after which he was reconducted to his cell.

After a series of tortures during the following three days, he was led to the chapel we have previously entered with Don Joaquin, pale and haggard, with drops of blood trickling down the furrows of his sunken cheeks, his arms in slings, and hands enclosed in large bandages; the noble youth had become enfeebled by excessive tortures in a few short days. The music had ceased, the monks had retired, and all was silent in the sacred edifice.

"Adios, Irene! Adios, Joaquin! Adios, loved ones all!" exclaimed the prisoner.

A noise was heard as if some one was unbolting a small door, and Antonio presented himself.

"Antonio!" exclaimed the prisoner in a voice of surprise.

"Don Bernardo!" replied Antonio in answer. "Yes, a friend who mourns the untimely end of those dear to him, whose destiny he cannot alter, and who only waits to avenge some of their wrongs, and then to join them in bright, ethereal mansions. Knowest thou, Don Bernardo, that the requiem thou heard'st but now in this capilla was for the repose of the soul of Don Joaquin? Ay, ay! and I disclose these secrets not to lacerate thy wounded spirit more, but knowing thou art one alone of the multitude of innocent victims who must suffer to gratify the cravings of Torquemada's insatiable appetite, thou mayst bear with fortitude thy anguish, screening, were it possible, all manifestations of grief and anger from the eyes of Benalcazar Torquemada, who in disguise ever watches near you, to gloat in silence over your tortures."

With this Antonio disappeared, leaving the astonished prisoner on bended knees before the altar. The organ now resounded through the isles, the monks and friars filled the choir and nave, while other recluses entered from lateral doors, and amidst loud chantings from the altar and sonorous responses from the gallery, Don Bernardo was conducted to his cell.

'Twas early on the morning of the sixth day from that on which he was so suddenly torn from the bosom of his family, and the half-finished letter which he had commenced writing to his beloved Irene was delivered to him, together with an open letter from her, imploring him as he valued her affection to repair to her boudoir without delay, and inform her what intelligence he had obtained respecting the continued absence of her idolized parent. These missives were dated the day following that eventful night. Alas! long ere this she must know that the same hour in which her father was conveyed from his home, must have been identical with that which saw his own parent bid him a tender adieu, hoping, as he said, that no indiscretion of his son had been the cause of this action on the part of the *Santo Oficio*, and wishing him a speedy return to his parental home, which he doubtless expected, as he watched from his open portal the retiring forms of the monastics who led forth his son.

Don Bernardo was so much affected at the sight of these letters, their number, and the thought of the exquisite grief that must have afflicted that confiding heart while penning them; the despair on receiving no reply to her numerous epistles, added to this, that they should all be delivered to him with their silken cords loosened and their seal broken, together with the remembrance of what Antonio had said to him in the chapel, and which now flashed across his brain: "He is ever near you in disguise, to gloat over your sufferings;" that he knew one of the two closely veiled forms before him must be the Inquisitorial Chief, and without hesitation he thus addressed the one who had presented him with Irene's correspondence:

"Torquemada! fiend of hell, I do defy thee and thy tortures! Think, oh! curse of the world, what thou hast to undergo ere the shadow of Hades fall on thy withered vision, ere thou art ushered into a future world, attended by a spectral host, each skeleton form an accuser, each glaring eyeball and bloodless cheek, each crisp and bony frame acknowledging thy presence! Monster! ere this time approaches, the maniac laugh of many a victim shall haunt thy disturbed slumbers, the spirits of departed innocents shall flit before thee during day, at each turn jog and mock thee, and to thy accursed face taunt thee!"

Torquemada (for it was he) had never heard such curses to his face, and for the moment trembled violently; but soon recovering he left the cell with Antonio, his continual attendant, and repaired with haste to his study to sign the order for Don Bernardo's immediate execution.

The dungeons of Hemanee were again revisited, or rather the long corridors leading to them; but we will not describe the dying scene of this young martyr.

The last notes of the organ had ceased, and the chapel gates were about being closed, when the tocsin of the superior called the monkish retinue to the audience chamber.

"What haste his saintship appears to be in, don't you think so, José?" remarked one of the recluses. "He is much troubled of late, and then so pale and nervous, he looks as if he suffered in mind."

"Of course he does," responded the other; "how can he see the annihilation of a noble family without sympathy? Although, at the same time, it is his painful duty to purge them from their iniquities by torturing their bodies, and even condemning them to death—preferring they should expiate their guilt in the flesh rather than in the spirit—but now we arrive, *chito!*"

Orders were promptly issued for the incarceration of Doña Irene and her maid Maria, both being conveyed from their residence to the Palace of the Inquisition in sedans—the former, because of her inability to proceed on foot, betokened by her frenzied look, dishevelled hair and demented appearance; the latter, on account of her ravings and the necessity of coercive measures. Night was selected, a guard of soldiers marched on either side of Maria's chair; her voice was heard above the chanting of the friars, reviling the officers of the *Santo Oficio*.

"Will you," said she, addressing the people who crowded the streets (for it was moonlight, and such a cortege attracted the attention of the proletery), "will you let these demons burn my mistress? Never mind me, I know I must be roasted to death, but this *camella* have already destroyed her mother, father and lover—all for their money and estate, not for the love of God!"

They vainly attempted to gag the poor creature, who continued to pour forth a torrent of abuse until the portals of the Inquisition inclosed them. A flood of tears came to relieve her overburdened heart when she found that they now were immured within the walls of the dread pile, and now she calmly awaited the commencement of a series of expected tortures.

Doña Irene underwent no examination, or rather she appeared before no tribunal, but was led on the following morning to the chapel, attended by the faithful Maria. Prostrated before the altar, the weeping and sobs of the domestic were overheard by her mistress, who still remained in the same semi-oblivious state as before, her pallid features now with hectic flush, her swollen blue veins, her

large black eyes of unearthly brilliancy, her carelessly flowing locks of jet, her general unconsciousness when not disturbed, and restless uneasiness and tremor of frame when forced to move (for she seldom spoke), proved that nothing would remain to be done by the Inquisition but inhuman the lifeless body of Doña Irene if the light of another day were permitted to dawn on her already broken heart and wasted form.

Maria, on the contrary, seemed nerved with superhuman vigor, and a slight click near the altar aroused her and made her spring to her feet immediately. When perceiving Antonio emerge from the secret panel, she exclaimed:

"Wretch!" "Ah, no! poor Maria, say not so! My doom approaches also, and my fate is not less certain than thine! I only wait to see the fulfillment of Torquemada's plans, which I cannot frustrate, then exposing the villain and aggravating his last moments by recounting the fearful death scenes of his many spotless victims, take my place in the dungeon, or plunge this poniard (which he upheld) deep into my aching breast!"

Showers of tears now filled Maria's eyes, coursing down her cheeks in copious streams, and with loud wailings declared in broken accents she would assist him to avenge these murders.

"Not so, Maria, you must reveal nothing, or all will be lost, and this demon perhaps live to immolate still other innocents on these altars of Moloch! Don Joaquin has long since ceased to suffer. Don Bernardo—"

Ere time was allowed to conclude the sentence, a shriek of terror burst forth from Doña Irene, who, with an exclamation of "*Padre mio!*" fell dead at the foot of the altar.

Antonio retreated suddenly, and when the monks again entered the chapel, they beheld Doña Irene a corpse and Maria in a swoon.

Several days elapsed, and Maria, having partially recovered, was brought before the tribunal to be condemned. On seeing Torquemada, whom she recognized immediately, she could not restrain herself, but gave vent to her feelings in the following words:

"Devil! do your worst! All are gone that I cared for in this world, and now I go to meet them! Murderer, do you hear? What would you give to see them in heaven? No purgatory shall receive such a wretch as you; but down, down, down to the lowest depths of hell you must go, and all these devils shall follow!" (looking around and pointing with the finger at the remaining inquisitors and monks).

After a brief respite, during which the contortions of her features showed but too plainly the inward struggle she was vainly endeavoring to battle against, hoping to subdue it for a season, if not crush it entirely in presence of this monkish host—with eyes suffused, she continued:

"The poor Maria, useless in this life, since she could not save those she loved, would ask no greater favor than to be tortured by those who took the life's blood of her master and mistress!"

She was now conveyed to her cell, when, after undergoing during several consecutive days inconceivable tortures, was suspended by the hair in a damp vault under the dome of Hemanee!

The convent bells tolled the Alba, the hour at which all recluses rise from their couches and repeat their prayers to the Virgin; and Torquemada still remained with his habiliments as during the day, not having retired to his bed for many nights, being unable to obtain repose: the dark watches were passed pacing his chamber, trying vainly to chase the phantoms and spectral images from his brain. Still later, at matins, the organ and voices would be faintly heard—now the "*Ave Maria*" from the choir scarcely audible, again the loud swelling crescendo and the words "*Virgen Santissima*," followed by a long pause, then a shriek so wild and prolonged. O Do! but why should Torquemada tremble? the sound should be familiar to him—'tis naught but the closing of the chapel gates as they creak on their rough sliding bars! But the inquisitor is changed, the slumbers of other times will not return; although his invocations are frequent, and the lives of the saints and their vocations are studiously combed. But his conscience will not be stifled, his peace of mind has fled for ever, and the curses of Don Bernardo and Maria shadow out their terrors, and Benalcazar already distinguishes a fearful future, through a gloomy haze of restless visions! Still, he was ignorant of the withering curse of Antonio, whom he so dearly loved, and in whom he hoped to repose his entire confidence, expecting to receive some relief and solace in the sympathies of his beloved secretary, if all other methods of banishing these frightful apparitions from his mind should prove ineffectual. How futile such hopes! how fallacious such reasoning!

Antonio in his lone cell thus soliloquized: "All are gone! their souls are fled! and thus early does the coward persecutor start and turn pale; a chilly tremor causes him to shudder, even when surrounded by a train of acolytes; what must he endure when in solitude, and at the midnight hour when all is enwrapped in a profound quiet? He thinks not how closely I observe him. Seventy-two hours have passed, and he has not disrobed himself. He fears to reveal even to me what disturbs him, and locks the door which leads from my chamber to his apartment, so that I may not enter unbidden or uncalled for, as formerly, but still forgetful, ceases to bar the entrance to the gallery, by which any one being acquainted with the tapestried corner can thrust themselves suddenly into his presence. Oh, Torquemada! I could not thus note with complacency your pallid countenance and rejoice at your calamities, were it not for your inhuman treatment of the numerous victims sacrificed ostensibly because the *Santo Oficio* demands it, but really because your desire for innocent blood must be satiated."

'Twas near the hour of twelve; the night was tempestuous, the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, the waves beat furiously against the ramparts which were in close proximity to the rear walls of the palace, and as the wind chased the storm clouds from the ocean it here on its wings the roar of surging billows and plaints of deceduous leaves, the moaning of the palm branches and the murmurs of the breeze through the bending tufts of the tall and slender cocoas of the neighboring isle. This frightful tempest was not of long duration, nor are they very uncommon in tropical America, where they are called *Tormentas*; but the Inquisitor-General was pining under excessive debility, his agitated nerves shattered, unalluviated by one moment's calm, one tranquil hour, one short season of oblivion! *La Tormenta* was still raging, and Benalcazar Torquemada closed the tome that was placed before him, unable to continue reading. He had perused one page countless times, being unable to concentrate his thoughts, having vainly tried to remember and meditate on the contents, his mind reverting to strange and ghastly spectres continually.

His lamp burned dimly. He walked with rapid strides his apartment, and looking through the latticed iron-work of his window, regarding intently for a short time the rushing waters as they dashed impetuously through the centre of the street, the clocks of the different monasteries now struck the midnight chime, and Torquemada resumed his seat at the table, and covering his face with his hands, mused.

Bewildered with a cloud of appalling reminiscences, he could not rest, and while uneasily changing position a suppressed moan and a slight rustling of the tapestry arrested his attention, and a figure robed in black seated himself in the corner, close to where it had appeared.

"This visit! O phantom! is what you led me to expect while in the flesh! but how untimely! Pity! 'tis impossible to hope for or expect" (this he said looking askance). The figure bowed its head in token of assent. "O spectre! why thus assault me? and these are but the commencement of promised apparitions! *Dios mio!* my brain already reels! Antonio!" he called and fell swooning to the ground. The figure disappeared behind the tapestry and hastily unrobed in the adjoining cell, on the opposite side of Torquemada's apartment, for it was Antonio who personated the ghost of Don Bernardo, by these means ascertaining the correctness of his surmises, and verifying his suspicions; that the imagination of the inquisitor was haunted by unearthly visions, and that his boasted calmness and peace of mind had for ever vanished; the dimness of the room, the general obscurity and ill-defined outline of the hangings, his own reticence, all conducted to prevent the identity of Antonio from being recognized. He remembered the tone of anguish in which his name was called, and doubted not that if the Alba passed without his being summoned, at early morn the key would turn in the lock of the passage door, and the pale visage of Torquemada present itself in his cell.

'Twas late on the following day when Antonio awoke, his slumbers being heavy and breathing stertorous, his general appearance indicating troubled dreams. Torquemada was near his bedside, watching him with apparent anxiety, as he had not appeared at matins, at which service the entire community were accustomed to assemble in the chapel (unless some severe sickness confined them to their

chambers); he was still dressed as if he had thrown himself exhausted on his pallet at a late hour, his lamp had but now ceased to burn, the smoke emitted from the oilless wick still ascended in wreaths towards the rafters, and an old parchment volume lay open on the table, near which was placed a chair in which he reclined to study. On awaking he beheld the Inquisitor-General, and started as if some venomous reptile had stung him, but closed his eyes again immediately. "Start not, Antonio! 'tis one who loves thee, whose only solace thou art, and who now draws near to thee for that consolation which he vainly seeks elsewhere, or in books prescribed by our Holy Order for a disordered mind."

The sleeper, as if dreaming, articulated these words, "Meet me in the rotunda under the dome of the Hemanee." A slight pause, and again he spoke, "I'll meet thee at noon under the dome of the Hemanee!" This was said in a whisper, or undertone, but sufficiently loud to reach the ear of him for whom it was intended, and who immediately addressed the sleeper as follows:

"So the phantom disturbed thy repose, Antonio, and exacted from thee a promise? What hast thou to fear, poor youth. At noon to-day I will accompany thee to the porter's lodge at the entrance of the passage and there await thy return, when thou wilt reveal to me the import of this strange conference and assignation! * * * Still he sleeps, but how disturbed his slumbers; I will retire and meditate upon the best way of acting under such peculiar circumstances. Some consolation it affords me to know that the unearthly visitant did not select the head of our order as the sole object of his addresses; besides, to me he spoke not, while to Antonio it appears he not only spoke but cited the hour of noon for a meeting, and in a spot surrounded by the dungeons of Hemanee, where his flesh should be rotting and falling from the sinews, while the bones of many condemned lie bleaching in the damp vaults or mildewing in their stony encasements."

"Methinks I should not fear, and if he will permit me I am resolved to accompany him; I will be his companion to the rotunda; but should he prefer to meet the spectral visitant alone, I will return with the torchbearers to the lodge."

This was muttered in his own apartment, having withdrawn himself from the cell of Antonio, emboldened by the revelations of his secretary and beloved confidant.

Antonio was absent from the refectory that morning, and although his absence was remarked it was not commented on, many days having elapsed without his taking food, although in his seat at these meetings with the community, the general supposition, however, being that he was indisposed. Torquemada, on the contrary, noted his absence, and on leaving the *refectory* hastened to his secretary's cell. Antonio was not there, but soon entered, saluting his superior with downcast eyes. The superior thus accosted him:

"Antonio, I also received a visit from the ghostly intruder that appeared to thee, but received no invitation. While watching o'er thee this morning, thou revealedst to me in thy waking slumbers that the spectre had invited thee at the hour of noon to meet him in the rotunda. If thou wilt, I will go with thee, and remain with thee during the interview. State at what hour you propose to leave the palace."

Antonio nodded assent to Torquemada's proposition, and said—"At the hour of 11."

"I will not fail to meet thee," replied the Inquisitor-General, and then retired. "Now to know the worst. To know if each night my slumbers are to be broken; if my fears and terrors are to be transient or not. To know if the foul curses of the destined few are to rack my brain and drive me into a frenzy of despair."

The hour of departure had arrived, and all was ready at the lodge; the attendants and torchbearers were prepared, waiting only the arrival of the superior. Antonio paced to and fro within the entrance, evidently much excited, his death-like features exhibiting a more than usual pallor, while the nerves and muscles of the face twitched incessantly.

"The hour approaches, and Torquemada still delays his coming. Can it be possible that he repents his decision, and my plans so nearly successful, and only to be frus—"

"*Aquí viene!*" exclaimed the gatekeeper.

The followers, 12 in number, were now engaged lighting the flambeaux; when forming into procession they marched forward, preceded by Torquemada and Antonio.

Slowly they tramped through the serpentine passages, illuminating each stony projection with their flaming torches, finally reaching the rotunda, of which we have had a glimpse when en route to inhuman Don Joaquin; the light seen at the entrance of the last curve penetrating through gratings in the roof, above which was the circular hall, pierced with unglazed windows.

Here, under the dome, we will leave them prostrate before a large crucifix, and return with the monks to the porter's lodge, previous orders being given them to come back at the hour of 2 P.M., it being impossible for Torquemada and his companion to grope their way alone through the gloomy caverns, unaided by guides and torches.

The two were now alone; the footsteps of the attendants, which had been faintly heard, as they resounded through the subterranean corridors until now, ceased altogether.

At the lodge they were in consternation, from the way in which a robust-looking friar (acting as porter) recited his experience in the level near the postern; how, on entering the subterranean gallery, he had heard wild shrieks, and seen strange forms chasing each other through the windings with a rushing noise; that terrified, he had bolted the massive door below, and left the lodge through fear, hastening to his cell to procure a rosary, which he had forgotten in his hurry.

There was a general smile when he had finished his story, one remarking that the ghosts existed only in his imagination, and that the noises were made by the winds through the cavernous hollows. However, be it as it might, their duty as guides of the order obligated them to obey the commands of their superior.

Onward trudged the monastics with measured tread, their torches occasionally extinguished by the bats and vampires which flapped their wings in the bearers' faces, attracted by the glare of light and also by the impetuosity of the breeze, driven through the dark windings. They were as often relighted, but the sullen moanings of the wind inspired the recluses with an awe not unmixed with fear, although accustomed to conduct victims to their charnel-house amidst these labyrinthine excavations. Another turn, and the distant recess called the dome was distinguished by the light which gleamed through the gratings above. Faintly at first, and then more plainly, could be distinguished the massive cross, projected from the lateral recess of the dome, illumined by the sun's rays, whose fitful gleams shot through the many windows in the rotunda above, and penetrated the interstices formed by the iron crossbars.

The monks now extinguished their torches, reserving two for the purpose of relighting the remainder on their return, and proceeded.

"*Dios Eterno!*" exclaimed one, regarding something on the ground a few paces in advance; "this skull! these bones! stained with blood, still fresh, still moist!"

"Here are more!" ejaculated another.

"And I perceive," rejoined a third, "at no great distance, two dark forms, motionless, on the ground."

"*Bendito sea mi Dios!* can it be?" and a rush simultaneously toward the indicated masses revealed a horrible spectacle! Torquemada, lying in a pool of blood, which still oozed from his mouth and nostrils, his eyeballs glaring and fixed, a shivering spasm of the muscles, a convulsive shudder, a sudden contraction, followed by an extension of the limbs, and life was extinct!

Antonio lay near him, dead—a large poniard thrust through his heart!

The Grand Inquisitor's death remained a mystery to the inmates of the palace, the only record kept in the archives was "that there existed a person named Benalcazar Torquemada, Inquisitor-General of Carthagens, who was discovered weltering in his blood in the dungeons of Hemanee."

THE folly of interfering betwixt man and wife is thus grammatically put:

When man and wife at odds fall out,
Let Syntax be your tutor,
'Twixt masculine and feminine,
What should one be but neuter!

THE following proclamation was lately announced by the native erier at Cape Coast, West Africa: "The Gubner, he say every pig what lib for street he die; every pig what lib for house he lib. God sabe de Queen."



THE WAR ON THE MISSISSIPPI—TRANSPORTS AND GUN BOATS GOING THROUGH THE RAYON AND CANAL CUT BY COL. FISSELL'S ENGINEERS, AROUND ISLAND NO. 10 TO NEW MADRID.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES W. McLAUGHLIN.—SEE PAGE 21.

"SULEIMAN, THE KING OF KINGS.

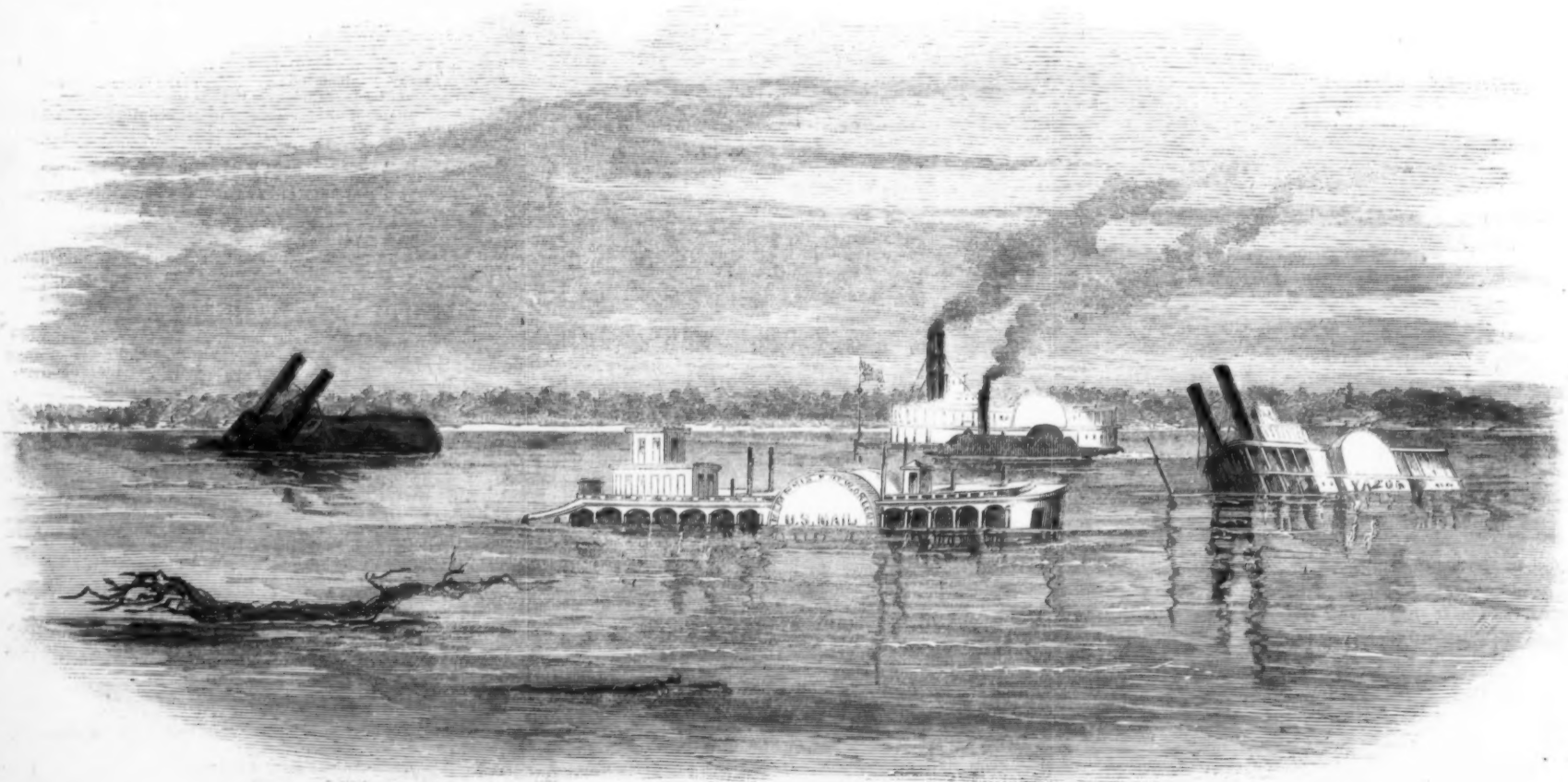
WHAT Charlemagne and Arthur of the Round Table have been to the nations of the West, Alexander the Great and Solomon—Iskander and Suleiman—have been to those of the East. Centres of wide and ever-widening circles of legendary lore, romance, poetry, the few historical facts that were known of them were either entirely set aside, or so changed according to the fancy of the popular mind, that hardly anything real remained but their names; and as individuals are best recognized and judged by their ideals, so nations endow their favorite heroes or demigods with what it most valued in their own age and clime. In the Lays of Ronceval, the Graal or the Round Table, we have the uncouth, wild, dark, but at the same time chivalrous, pious, emphatically romantic, and thoroughly *naïve* character of the Middle Ages. In the poems that narrate to us the deeds of Iskander and Suleiman we have, with a great deal of glorious fighting and loving, and with the prevailing tendency to moralize and say wise and witty things, on the whole a refinement and a graceful, delicate tenderness, for which we look in vain in our own legends. At the same time the incidents are less cruel or childish, although more impossible; the monsters less fierce and hideous, but more unmeaning; the good spirits more airy, clever and womanly; and the stories generally

have a beginning and an end, although sometimes no point, while our own are often more like stupid, incoherent, but all the more horrible nightmares.

King Suleiman reigns still supreme in our own days. We all remember him in the "Arabian Nights." All that the Eastern mind possessed of gorgeous colors, of expert wisdom, of most flashing wit, of grace, of power, of splendor, it lavished upon the head of him who, the offspring of sinful passion, became the favorite of Allah. Innumerable poets have adorned his name. In the Aramaic, Arabic, Persian, Turkish tongues, the glories of his reign have been sung. The most extensive of all these epics in prose and verse is the "Suleimanameh," originally consisting of three hundred and sixty volumes, written under Bajazet II. The Sultan selected eighty volumes and had the others burnt; out of these eighty, seventy have survived, but they are very rare, and are, when met with, not to be purchased, even in Constantinople, for less than about three thousand piastres. After this poem and several Arabic collections of legends, principally the "Chamis," the "Adschahib," and the "History of Thabari," we will now relate some incidents of his life, and especially how he came to know the Queen of Sheba, to love her, and to marry her. Not that this legend is the best, but that it illustrates, in the most striking manner, the moral of Eastern love; not love so much

for the sake of beauty, grace, or amiability, but love because of *esprit*. It shows, moreover, how from the few words in the Scriptures have flowed an entire sea of romance—of its own peculiar kind.

"Suleiman, on whom be peace! Prophet and King, like his father David, was the greatest ruler of the earth ever mentioned in history. His was the dominion not only over all men and animals, but also over the Djins and Peris. He was possessed of the highest faculties that ever fell to the share of mortal, and before his signet trembled everything below the earth and above it. The east wind was his favorite steed. He breakfasted at Cuds, that is Jerusalem; he dined at Istakar, that is Persepolis; and he supped at Tadmor, which is called Palmyra. Those wonders of architecture and sculpture which in their ruins still strike the wanderer with awe, the Temple of Zion, the colonnades of Palmyra, the palaces of Istakar, are the works planned by Solomon, the greatest architect, and executed by the geni, the readiest and most quick-witted of workmen. Presiding over the morning sacrifice in the midst of the gold-glittering walls of the Temple, under clouds of incense, through the thousand varied sounds of cymbals, cythers, psalters and flutes, and the grand choirs of the Levitical singers, he received the words of wisdom, which were to guide him for that day. He then mounted his throne—the like was never seen before or after—and on the back of the east wind, or



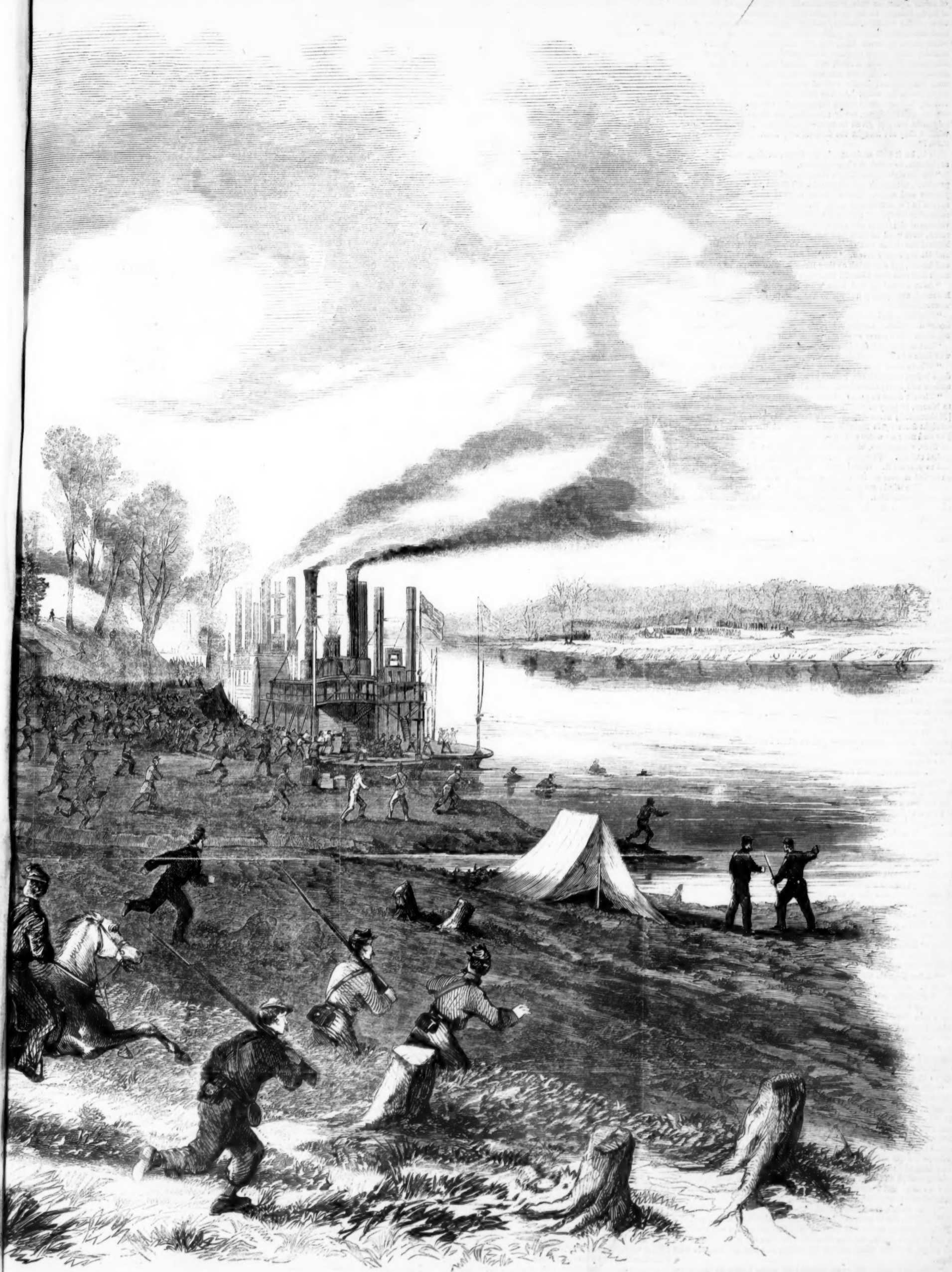
Rebel Gunboat Grampus.

John Simons.

Red Rover—raised.

U.S. Gunboat St. Louis.

THE WAR ON THE MISSISSIPPI—TRANSPORTS AND GUNBOAT AT ISLAND NO. 10, SCUTTLED BY THE REBELS TO PREVENT THEM FROM FALLING INTO THE HANDS OF GEN. POPE—THEIR APPEARANCE APRIL 9 FROM A SKETCH BY MR. JAMES W. McLAUGHLIN.—SEE PAGE 21.



L. NELSON'S DIVISION, AND THE CHECK OF THE REBEL FORCES—FUGITIVES FROM THE FIELD OF BATTLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. H. LOVIE.—SEE PAGE 18.

of select Djins, he rode, overshadowed by the wings of the greatest of birds, Simurg, to the metropolis of his kingdom, or, which is the same, of the whole earth—to Istakar. Here he sat in judgment over men and spirits, birds and quadrupeds. Here in his immense palace, which stood on seven hills, and was surrounded by a wall of white marble, many, many leagues in circumference, strange inscriptions, composed of golden arrows, run around doors and windows, and strange combats between men and monsters, and stranger figures of men with animal heads, and of animals with human heads, are engraven on the walls. All the work of demons—the latter representing the constant struggle between good and evil, while the golden arrows, quickly flying, never returning, are sign and symbol of the mightiest weapon given to man—golden words. With what divine wisdom they are fraught the demons only know; who will ever read them?"

[It is, be it well understood, cuneiform writing, and the Assyrian sculptures, to which the legend refers.]

"To the right of the King's throne stood 12,000 golden seats for the prophets, patriarchs and saints; 12,000 stood to his left for kings, princes and sages. The divan or council ended, the dinner was spread in the courts and on the terraces of the palace. For the immense multitudes of men and beasts immense meals had to be provided, and the vaults and caves, which still stretch endless around the ruins, were used as pots and kettles. All feasted sumptuously, as befitted the riches and the state of such a King; but he drank water and ate dry barley bread. 'Let,' he said, 'Djins and birds, and men and beasts, eat and drink as they like; he who would rule over them must first rule over himself, and want little.'

"After dinner he had done with reigning. Quickly he mounted his steed, and quickly he rode to Tadmor, to his harem, and no one went with him.

"Suleiman had a thousand wives, but a thousand and one were decreed for him. And he loved this one more than all the thousand together. Her name was Balkis, Queen of Sheba.

"But how did Allah bring it to pass that he should know her, who was born of a Peri, and lived so very, very far away from him?"

"Where man is to die, thither his feet will carry him; and thirty days before the birth of a human being they proclaim in heaven: 'So-and-so will marry So-and-so. Allah is great!'

"Thus it came to pass that Suleiman went one day on a pilgrimage to Mecca, to pray at the shrine of the Prophet—on whom be peace. [Mahammed; some fifteen years before his birth.] The way went straight from Syria through the desert, and the wind blew very hot. Far and near no water was to be seen, and the whole host of courtiers, soldiers, counsellors, birds and beasts, even the King himself, began to feel thirsty. Whenever water was wanted, Hoodhood (the hoopoe) had to procure it. With his eyes he pierced the deepest rocks, and he espied it ever so far in the distance. But where was Hoodhood now? The winds were summoned to find him. They returned without having met him. The eagles were sent out in all directions. In vain. His was another function besides finding water. He had to overspread a certain peculiar corner, over the immense carpet on which stood the throne, with his tiny wings; and while Solomon had dismounted to pray he had absented himself.

"He shall pay me for this," said Solomon. "I will make him blind, and deaf, and dumb, and chain him to the wheels of the hottest wind of the desert. Surely he must be seeing sights, hearing tales and gossiping. Unless he brings accounts which are more wonderful than any I ever heard before, and are, moreover, true, I verily will punish him."

"Again he sent the eagles out, but told them this time to soar so high that the earth should seem to them like an inverted black and blue bowl. One of the eagles, which had soared highest with his eyes shut, opened them suddenly, and directing all their power south, he espied the truant merrily floating in the blue waves of the air, and leisurely wending his way back.

"The eagle plunged down ready to seize it with its sharp talons, but the little bird adjured him to forbear by the name of Suleiman.

"Miscreant! and thou dar'st name him? Well may thy mother weep for thee. Thine eyes will never see her again, but hers will see thee, and weep that she has borne thee."

"Lead me to the King, and we shall see."

"The eagle led him to the King, who was sitting on his throne of justice. Full of anger and wrath, he drew the sinner violently towards him.

"Where hast thou been, thou father of lies?"

"The hoopoe trembled in every limb, and hung down his plumage.

"Suleiman grasped him still tighter, and would have choked him in his fierceness, but suddenly the hoopoe cried with a loud voice: 'In the name of Allah, the All-merciful, the Gracious! remember, O Prophet! remember, O King! remember, O Mortal! remember the day of judgment! Thou wilt have to give an account of thy deeds. Wouldst thou slay me without hearing me?'

"Suleiman released his hold at once. 'But where hast thou been without my permission?'

"O King of all Kings! I have espied a country which is not under thy sway—a country that is a diadem on the brow of the universe. And I have espied a woman who is as the white pearl in the midst of that diadem, and she is the Queen of that country."

"Where?"

"Saba is the name of that country. It is ever so wide from here to the south, and Balkis is the name of the Queen; and she is more beautiful than any Peri, and wiser than all beings, except thee, O King of Kings!"

"Suleiman listened with wrapt attention; then said, 'Ah! this sounds very strange. And who has told thee all this?'

"A hoopoe from those regions, whom I met during a short excursion. In the course of our conversation I mentioned thee and thy world-wide dominions. He was surprised never to have heard thy name before at his home. He therefore entreated me to accompany him thither, and convince myself that it would be worth thy while to bring the land of Saba under thy sway."

"On our way he related to me the whole story of that fair country up to this day, and the history of its Queen, whose power is so great that she requires 12,000 captains to command it."

"Suleiman now asked the hoopoe, in a very mild voice, to tell him all he had seen and heard.

"Know, then, O King of Kings! the hoopoe continued, 'Saba is the capital of an extensive country in the south of Arabia, and was founded by King Saba. His name (one who takes captive) was given to him because of his great conquests. Saba is the greatest and most superb city built by the hands of men; but at the same time, it is so strongly fortified, that the united armies of the whole world could not take it. What especially distinguishes this city of marble palaces are the magnificent gardens in the midst of which it stands. The land of Saba is the most fertile and the richest of the whole world, except the land of Juda. Its air is so pure and balmy, its sky so blue and transparent, its water so sweet and cold, that the inhabitants live to the age of patriarchs.'

"But Balkis, the Queen?"

"Balkis, the Queen, is the daughter of the late King, and of a Peri. One day, as he was hunting in the forest, he saw two serpents, a black and a white, fighting fiercely. He cleft the head of the black in twain, took the white one on his saddle, and brought it home with him.

"The next morning, as he entered the room where he had left it on the ground, a beautiful heavenly figure stood before him. She at once informed him that she was the white serpent which he had saved

from the hands of a demon in the form of the black serpent. 'What can I do for thee?' she asked him. 'Wilt thou have treasures?'

"I have enough," the King replied. "Shall I confide to thee the secrets of the healing art?" "I have more doctors than I want," the King again replied. "Well—thou wilt not refuse my third offer. I have a sister, who is the most beautiful of Peris; wouldst thou marry her? But thou must promise one thing, namely, never to ask for a reason, whatever she may do—else she disappears instantly." The King promised, and soon afterwards he wedded the most beautiful of Peris. She was so beautiful that the King forgot his kingdom and everything else, and remained constantly with her. After a time she bore him a boy, pure and clear as a pearl. Soon after his birth a fire glared up before the door. The Queen wrapped her babe in a silken dress, and threw it into the fire, which at once disappeared with it. The King wept, and tore out his beard, but never asked a question. She then bore him a girl, who darkened sun and moon with her beauty. The mother wrapped it in a silken dress, and a black bear appeared, into whose jaws she threw the child. The King went nearly mad for grief, but he said nothing, mindful of his promise.

"After a short time a fearful foe threatened to invade the country. The King ordered immense provisions of bread and water to be got ready, for he wanted to meet the enemy in his own land, and the army had to cross the desert. On the point of their starting, the Queen appeared with a long knife, and cut open all the water bags, and scattered all the provisions. 'That is too much,' cried the King. 'I see now there is no marrying a Peri. My children she has destroyed; now she is going to destroy my whole country. Why hast thou done all this?'

"As soon as he had asked the question the Peri began to weep bitterly. 'Now I must leave thee, poorest of poor—dearest of dear Kings! Know, then, the boy could not have lived longer than a day on the earth; he was not human enough. The girl is alive, and in the hands of a nurse, who sacrifices her own life for her least whims, and who appeared as a black bear; and last of all, the vizier is sold to the enemy, and has poisoned to-day all thy provisions. Here is thy daughter; take care of her. I am lost to thee for ever!' And she vanished.

"Her daughter is Balkis, Queen of Saba, famous through her beauty—more famous through her wisdom."

"When the hoopoe had finished his tale, everybody was silent. Solomon suddenly looked up into his face, and looked for a long time.

"Find me a well."

"The hoopoe pointed out a well just under their feet. Solomon performed the necessary ablutions, then he prayed, and wrote the following letter:

"From Solomon, the King, the believer, to Balkis, the Queen, the unbeliever. Turn thyself to Allah, and I will protect thee; remain a worshipper of the Sun, and I will destroy thee."

"He sealed this letter with musk, put his signet upon it, and gave it to Hoodhood.

"Hoodhood darted away like an arrow. After a long, long journey he arrived at Saba, and flying through an open window into the palace, he saw Balkis reclining on her state bed of gold and ivory, which was 70 yards in circumference. She was surrounded by an innumerable host of ladies-in-waiting, all beautiful as the stars—she herself fairer than sun and moon.

"The hoopoe hovered over her for a little while. At last he dropped the letter through a fold in her white dress right into her bosom.

"The Queen started—the ladies shrieked.

"What is this?" cried Balkis. 'Verily he must be a great master who has such clever servants.'

"But when she took the letter out and saw the seal, she shook with emotion; when she opened it and read its contents, her cheeks grew like lilies.

"Let the council of state be called forthwith," she cried.

"The council was assembled, and she read the letter.

"Rely, O Queen, on our courage and devotion," they all said with one voice. "Act according to thy wisdom. We will obey."

"And so the Queen resolved, in order to save her country from the miseries of war, to try that unknown king with presents and soothing words, and to send the wisest men of her realms to his palace, in order that they might learn what were his power and his wisdom.

"She had 1,000 carpets prepared. They were all wrought in gold and jewels. Then a crown, the smallest pearl of which was sufficient to light a whole city in the darkest night. Then 1,000 white camels where saddled with saddles of gold, and laden with musk, amber and precious ointments. And she also sent 500 girls and 500 boys, all looking alike, and all dressed alike. To all this she added a closed casket, containing an unperforated pearl, besides a diamond intricately pierced, and a goblet of crystal.

"And she wrote a letter in these words:

"As a true prophet, thou wilt no doubt be able to distinguish the youths from the maidens, to divine the contents of the closed casket, to thread the diamond, and to fill the goblet with water that has neither dropped from the clouds nor gushed forth from the earth."

"Before she dismissed her ambassadors, she told them not to be cast down, if Suleiman would treat them harshly. 'For,' she said, 'pride and harshness are human weaknesses; but be very careful if he receive you with kindness and condescension, for then know that you have to deal with a prophet.'

"The hoopoe had remained unperceived all this while in the chambers of the palace, and had followed every movement and heard every word.

"He darted back to Suleiman, and told him faithfully all that had passed at Saba.

"The King commanded the genii forthwith to produce a carpet of the rarest jewels, of the space of nine parasangs, and to spread it out at the foot of his throne. Eastward, where the carpet ceased, he caused a lofty golden wall to be erected; to the westward, one of silver. On both sides he ranged the rarest animals, and all kinds of genii and demons.

"The ambassadors arrived; but long before they approached the King they had thrown away their 1,000 carpets in dismay, beholding the one before them, which seemed to have no beginning or end, and whose every inch was costlier than a thousand times a thousand of those they had brought with themselves.

"As they drew nearer, and beheld the creatures right and left, and Suleiman in all his mighty splendor on his throne, their hearts failed within them, and they fell down upon their faces.

"The King descended from his throne, and raised them up with kindness and graciousness, and with smiling lips.

"They produced the letter of their Queen.

"I know its contents," said Suleiman. "I also know what is in the casket; I shall perforate the pearl and thread the diamond. But first let me fill that crystal goblet with water that has neither fallen from the sky nor gushed from the earth."

"And he called to his principal viziers—'Break the chains of all my prisoners of war, pay all the debts of those that are imprisoned for debt, and set free those that are condemned to death this day in all my dominions. Delay not!'

"And to one of the swiftest Djins he said—'Take this goblet and fill it with the tears of the wives and children and mothers, to whom all that is dear to them has been given back this hour.'

"And the goblet would not hold all the water that had neither flown from the sky nor gushed from the earth.

"Then he ordered a thousand silver bowls and basins to be brought,

and he bade the youths and virgins to wash. The youths immediately put the hands into which they had poured the water to their faces, the virgins first emptied it into the other hand, and then washed their faces with both, for that was the custom in the harems. So this proof of his wisdom was given. The pearl he had perforated with the aid of a stone formerly in use in the building of the Temple, which had the peculiarity of cutting the hardest substance like unto soft wax. But the threading of the diamond remained to be done, and that perplexed the King sorely; for there was every possible curve in the opening, and no thread would go in.

"And Suleiman prayed—and suddenly a little worm presented itself and crept through the jewel, and lo! it left a silken thread behind.

"Suleiman, thus suddenly relieved from this most difficult task, bade the worm ask any favor it liked, and it asked for a fine fruit tree as a dwelling. Suleiman gave it the mulberry tree, which its descendants inhabit to this day.

"Then Suleiman said to the ambassadors, 'You have seen that I have done all your Queen's tasks by the aid of Allah. You have also seen my power and my wealth. Go back, take your presents with you, and tell your Queen either to accept the right faith or prepare for war. Verily, if I invade her country, I shall drag her here a captive. For my armies are not like other armies of flesh and blood.'

"When the ambassadors returned and told all that had happened, Queen Balkis said, 'I see I must go myself; you did not know how to speak to him, and how to behave before him.' But in her heart she felt drawn to him who was so mighty and so wise.

"She settled the affairs of her empire, took but few of her attendants with her, and travelled through the desert until she came to the King's palace. When he beheld her from afar, he nearly swooned, so overpowered was he by her beauty and the light of her mind, that she shed radiance all around her. But she had to undergo a final examination before she was found worthy to become a believer and his wife. The demons being afraid lest from Suleiman and the daughter of a Peri a still mightier being might be born, told Suleiman that her feet were cloven and covered with black hair.

"He therefore caused her to be conducted through a hall, the floor of which was crystal. Underneath flowed water tenanted by every variety of fish. Balkis had never seen a crystal floor before; she, therefore, thinking she had to wade through, raised her garment slightly, and disclosed to the eyes of the King the finest shaped foot and ankle, white as lilies.

"So the King cried out, 'Come hither, thou chosen one, confess thy faith in one God, and abjure the worship of the sun.'

"This she did; and so they were married, and he reinstated her as Queen of Saba, and he loved her more than all his thousand wives together."

In the reign of the Caliph Walid, a certain wall of Tadmor fell in from age, and a stone coffin came to light, 60 cubits long, 40 cubits wide, and it had the following inscription:

"Here is the grave of the pious Balkis, Queen of Saba, consort of the Prophet Suleiman, son of David. She was converted to the true faith in the 13th year of his reign, married him in the 14th, and she died on Monday, the second day of Rabi-Awwal, in the 23d year of his reign."

When the lid of the coffin was opened, such a light streamed out that the workmen were nearly blinded. After invoking the name of Allah, they looked into the coffin, and beheld the fairest, most blooming beauty they had ever seen. It was Balkis, ever fair, ever blooming, like a lily.

The pious Walid had the place covered at once with white stone, so that it should never again be desecrated; and so well has he hidden it, that no one has found it up to this day.

But Suleiman could not live after his own beloved Queen. He got tired of his palaces, his riches, his Djins and his wives. And he said, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.' One day, as he was again sitting and mourning over her tomb, he invoked the Angel of Death. He appeared instantly, but in so hideous a form that he was afraid of him. He had six faces, turned to the four regions, and one upwards and one downwards, so that nobody could escape his eye.

Suleiman, remembering the promise God had given him, that the Temple should be finished even after his death, asked the Angel to follow him. He led him into a hall made of crystal. There he leaned on his staff, and in that position, asked him to take his soul away. The Angel of Death obeyed; and the Djins and demons, the counsellors and captains, passing the hall, saw the King leaning on his staff as in deep contemplation, and dared not interrupt him. So everything went on as in his lifetime, until the last stroke of the Temple was struck. Just twelvemonths had passed since his death, and no one knew of it, except a little worm, which had been gnawing through the staff for all these twelvemonths. And suddenly the staff broke, and Suleiman fell to the ground.

Angels came and carried him away, together with his signet ring. The demons are loose since that time, and there is no hand to stay their evil doings. But Suleiman, with whom be peace, rests in a cave near the tomb of Queen Balkis, and angels guard them till the day of resurrection.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A WASHINGTON correspondent gives the following account of the process of embalming adopted there: "The body is placed on an inclined platform, the mouth, ears, nose, &c., are stopped with cotton; if wounded, cotton is put in the wound, and a plaster is put on; an incision is made in the wrist, the attachment is made from an air pump, and fluid is injected into the arteries. The wound is then sewed up and the body is hoisted up to dry. To save the eyes from sinking in, wax is put under the eyelids. The hair I found to come out very easy, but after the embalming it could not be removed. The bodies take on an average about seven quarts. There were some eight bodies on hand; some had been there 30 days. The operators say in four months the body will become solidified like marble, but no chance has yet been had to prove it. Col. Baker's body, on arriving at San Francisco, was in an advanced state of decomposition. Dr. Holmes, late of Williamsburg, Long Island, is the oldest in the business here, and I am informed he has made \$30,000.

Messrs. Brown & Alexander are trying to get a bill through Congress for the exclusive right to embalm bodies, and to have Congress authorize a corps of embalmers for each division. The charges are \$50 for an officer, and \$25 for a private, and I must say the bodies look as life-like as if they were asleep."

THE POWER OF GRACE.

Oh, what a face was hers to brighten light,
And give back sunshine with an added glow,
To wile each moment with a fresh delight,
And part of memory's best contentment grow!
Oh, how her voice, as with an inmate's right,
Into the strangest heart would welcome go,
And make it sweet, and ready to become
Of white and gracious thoughts the chosen home!

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